TORONTO SATURDAY LIGHT.

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Around Town.

The *Globe* is becoming a funny paper. Surprise is described as the chief element of fun and the *Globe* has an endless stock of surprises for its readers. Occasionally it has a spasm of virtue and contains an article supporting some public movement and lecturing the machine with which it runs for an abandonment of principle. But this is only a part of its system of humor. After people begin to think it serious it turns its hose upon all those who imagine that principle has anything to do with politics and abuses without stint that which it had been praising. This sort of thing is amazingly funny though beginning to be overworked. But it has other humorous resources. On its staff there are real funny men—persons who can write humorous articles on any given subject. An example of the work of these ready joke-makers appeared last Saturday, the foolish people who wanted the Canadian flag hoisted over our school houses on public days furnishing the text. Real humor displays itself, not only in its treatment of a subject, but in the choice of a text. Many writers who are consumedly anxious to be funny fail at the outset to find a text; they never think of the obvious case with which one can be funny at the expense of our national sentiment and by making sport of our national flag. But the *Globe* has genius, and thereby distances all competitors by seizing the laughably absurb idea of having a national sentiment and a national flag. It sees beauty, exalted piety, pathos and chivalric courage in the attachment of the French-Canadian to his language and his flag, but this simply intensifies the merriment it excites when it turns its wondrous fund of ridicule on "the Union Jack with a blotch supposed to represent the arms of the confederated provinces." In the madness of its mirth it suggests, one can hardly write for laughing the joke is so tickling, as a new design for a Canadian flag, "an outline of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy trying to choke the tongue out of a French Canadian." The movement to have our flag hoisted on the school-houses of the province was originated by gentlemen who are not in sympathy with D'Alton McCarthy. Colonel Denison not long ago took what seemed to me unnecessary pains to laud the French Canadians and their loyalty, but that makes no difference, jokes cannot be spoiled by the constraint of facts. Nor was French Canadianism referred to by those who urged upon the Minister of Education the desirability of making our youth acquainted with the pattern and meaning of the Canadian flag. The introduction of the French Canadian section of the joke was consequently an inspiration, a belching up of genius on the part of the distinguished *Globe* joker who unites in his person French Canadian patriotism with English Canadian humor.

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The *Globe* sarcastically suggests that the idea of flag hoisting should be extended, that instead of on holidays it should be done every day together with the singing of the National Anthem, speech making, cannon firing and the strains of a brass band. Who but a born humorist could have made this thing look so funny? Observe the brilliancy of the method! By coupling the National Anthem and a patriotic speech with shooting off cannon and the playing of a brass band, the two former are made to look ridiculous: Q. E. F. Singing the National Anthem is silly if, as the *Globe* contends, we have no nation, and making patriotic speeches is a roaring farce unless done in French under the folds of the tri-color and with regard to "the new nation on the St. Lawrence." Possibly the *Globe* is wiser than it looks and sees trouble ahead if a law were passed to hoist the "blotched Union Jack" on our schoolhouses for even twelve days a year. Some of the French-Canadian trustees in the Ottawa river counties might object, and it is barely possible that some of the Separate School trustees, remembering their Irish grievances, might be unwilling. This question, as the *Globe* remarks, as to "what flag?" complicates the matter. The deputation, foolishly enough, had not thought of this, and it is but another proof of how absurd men who are not politicians can act. It is evident that the *Globe* editor is a statesman as well as a wit, and his entertaining article proves, if it proves anything, that there is only one safe and sensible course, and that is to shove the blotched Union Jack, together with national sentiment, under the barn or move it outside of the province. Or to make the joke still more pleasing and pointed, it might have suggested that the pock-marked flag, sickly national sentiment, the silly National Anthem and bigoted D'Alton McCarthy be made into a bonfire to celebrate the great moral victory in Haldimand.

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Everybody jeered at the cheek displayed by Chicago when they claimed the World's Fair of 1892 for their city, yet in the face of the keenest possible competition, with New York at one time almost in possession of the prize, Chicago has won. Of course it is still possible that there may be no World's Fair, as all the disappointed cities may unite to oppose the grant in Congress. Chicago in the past has not achieved an enviable reputation as an entertainer of large crowds. The disposition seen in her business methods of a willingness to cut a neighbor's financial throat for a few dollars has made her shear the visiting lamb till all his wool and part of the skin were gone. Several large bodies which have convened there have solemnly vowed never to do it again. Perhaps cities are all alike in this respect, at any rate Canada has great reason to congratulate herself on the location of the exposition as many of the visitors and much traffic will cross our country, benefiting our railroads and summer resorts, as well as advertising the country among the foreigners who at present imagine there is nothing fit to see in this wooden north but our half of the Niagara Falls. It has already been suggested that Toronto begin preparations for making herself as attractive as possible and establishing the reputation of being the Chicago of Canada. In the meantime has the project for a summer carnival in 1890 been dropped? It would be a good apprenticeship to the greater effort two years later, indeed it would be profitable in many respects as anything we may do in '92 will be dwarfed by the greater event in the west. Chicago appreciates the enormous benefits which accrue to a city when vast crowds are attracted to it by a public event. The renewal of Philadelphia's progress and prosperity began with its preparations for the Centennial. London proves herself to the world the center of the business earth by the attractive exhibitions which so frequently take place there. Paris has re-asserted herself as the center of art and pleasure by the World's Fair just concluded, and the direct profits of upwards of two million dollars do not make the event less notable. In a much smaller way if Toronto were enterprising in such matters great crowds could be attracted to our city in the summer months when pleasure seekers are *en route* to their favorite resorts. It is to be hoped that Alderman Dodds, who was conspicuously energetic last summer, will again take hold of this matter and not let the summer pass without some attractive celebration.

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An article, descriptive of the bloodless duel which took place between a French-Canadian lawyer and a journalist, has been going the rounds of the press this week! It took place thirty years ago, and the two combatants did not meet again till a few days ago in the lobby of the House of Commons. The champagne which was spilled at the reunion, and the blood which was not spilled in the fight, are pretty fairly illustrative of that sort of duelling and the particular variety of gaseous eruption which passes with some people as evidence of being in deadly earnest.

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John Jacob Astor has just passed away from this earth, a hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of which was his personal property. In living he did not have any more pleasure than the majority of us are having. He could only eat with one spoon at once and except in the cold weather could not wear more than one suit of clothes or sleep in more than one bed at a time. No doubt he surrounded himself with much more grandeur than you or I can afford and it probably bored him to a greater extent than our simple surroundings tire us. He left several hundred thousand dollars to charities and the Astor library, but the son gets the millions. No doubt the son seemed of greater importance to the father than hospitals or such arrangements as might have made the lives of a thousand poor more comfortable and their future brighter, but to the world the surviving Astor is of no interest. That he possesses one hundred and fifty million dollars may excite within us a passing regret that we haven't a piece of it, but no one is consumed with envy or admiration because of his wealth. It will trouble him to take care of it, and he will imagine that his millions and not himself are loved by those who try to be sweet to him. There is not much in the millionaire business in this world, and when we think of the deceased Astor, we know that he is not a millionaire now. No one can be, on the thither side of the grave, except they have laid up their treasures where moth closets and burglar proof safes are unnecessary, and the humblest of us, it is said, may have vast possessions of that sort, even if nowadays we are so poor that no one thinks of assessing us for anything more than statute labor.

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The Mowat government has undertaken the revision of its License Act and is offering the municipalities a chance to prohibit the sale of liquor within their confines. Local option of this sort amounts to nothing. If one municipality favors prohibition its neighbors use the opportunity of attracting trade by permitting the sale of liquor and the following season the prohibition town is almost certain to repent and "go wet." If he had any inclination to improve the License Act Mr. Mowat would have the Commissioners elected by the people of the locality they are expected to manage. In this manner he would show his belief in local self-government more than by the worthless option he is offering. As the Opposition pointed out, under the present system the License Commissioners are nothing but a political machine, as a rule, composed of men who could be elected to nothing. That they use their power to promote the advancement of their political bosses is so glaringly true in Toronto that we do not have to go outside for illustrations. That more frequent complaints are not made is owing to the fact that the license-holder who complains is lost. We do not expect in those who sell liquor to discover the very finest variety of principle and it is a trade which probably develops the more selfish features in a man's nature. Therefore a license-holder would have to be a pretty violent partisan before he would make row enough to lose his license because the political screws had been applied to him by the Commissioners. Even if this be true it will be admitted that hotel keepers have rights which are bound to be respected, principles and preferences with which no one has any right to interfere, and when an army of License Commissioners spread all over this province combine to make them the slaves of the government it is a spectacle which should alarm those who know that tyranny creates corruption amongst the tyrants and begets hypocrisy and servility and law-breaking amongst the oppressed.

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The eagerness with which a certain class of men struggle to be appointed to the Board of License Commissioners suggests that there is more than honor in the job. They are not supposed to be paid for their services, they are certain to make enemies. Much time is consumed inspecting the various taverns and no office can be a pleasant one where you are forced to pry into other people's business, into their bedrooms and pantries as the Commissioners are bound to when on a tour of inspection. Yet men who have no special time to spare, no benevolent plan for the improvement of the life or furtherance of the happiness of the saloon keeper, are extremely anxious to obtain the power of saying who shall and who shall not deal in "wines, spirits and fermented liquors." It suggests that the corruption of the master may have reached the man. I would not assert that the License Commissioners directly traffic in the sale of licenses, though sometimes their kissing goes by the queerest kind of favor that can be imagined. Moreover, even by the present improper system of appointment, good men are sometimes accidentally placed in the position, in fact, there is seldom a License Board without one good man on it, but almost universally there are two wicked partners to run the thing so that it will do the government the most good. Right here in Toronto we have a very fine exhibition just now of the desirability of the office, the friends of various candidates working as hard for their men as if the office sought for were that of Prime Minister. There is certainly cheese somewhere or the mice would not be so busy.

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If the Ontario License Act is corrupt it at least is not absurd. If it is used to favor the government it interferes with the free exercise of the franchise of comparatively few. The Dominion Franchise Act, however, is absurd in theory, difficult of operation, absolutely villainous if it is used for the benefit of the government, inasmuch as to make it an advantage to the dominant power electors must be disfranchised by the thousand. Sir John has done some queer things in his time, indefensible things, foolish things, but he never perpetrated anything quite so rank and purposeless—unless it be villainous—as this franchise folly. It costs half a million dollars to prepare a list, and in a year or two it is old and requires a couple of hundred thousand dollars to patch it up. It has excited the suspicion of Conservatives and the most violent antagonism of the Liberals. It does nobody any good; it's clumsiness does everybody harm by interference with the franchise which is the right of every grown man who is not a convicted criminal; its great lumpy uncouthness, the opportunities it presents for conspiracy against a free vote and clean ballot, are all danger signals which have been continually flashed before the eyes of Sir John. That he adheres to the mistake is perhaps because he was father of it. That he intends to continue it nobody believes. His pride simply prevents him from too suddenly dropping that which has burned his hands. He cannot afford to return to the voters' lists provided by the municipalities. His Quebec allies prevent him from accepting manhood suffrage, but recent developments, and the fight against mediæval institutions which have been perpetuated by French Canada, have reached such a stage that Sir John without doubt will shortly drop his costly and inexcusable blunder, and do what he should have done long ago, make every man who is not a criminal a voter. If he limits this by an educational qualification no one will complain—except Quebec.

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Sir John Thompson is doubtless the brainy man of the Ottawa Cabinet, but the brain sauce is being spread over altogether too much stew. It is said Sir John the Greater leans upon the bosom of Sir John the Less and that the balance of the party have to dance when the two Johns sing. To the old-fashioned Conservative party this is not an unusual or irritating situation, but of late there has arisen a section which believes that Sir John the Less is doing too much of the singing as well as being unduly influential in selecting the tune. The bill of Sir John the Less "To Amend the Criminal Law" is a movement backward, inasmuch as it recognizes ecclesiastical definitions long abandoned by the statute makers uncontrolled by the bishops. There is a dispute as to what the law means, which indicates that it is not very lucid. Take in its apparent meaning, for instance, to make it a penal offence for a man to marry his dead wife's sister or his deceased wife's sister's daughter is altogether too rank an attempt to erect barriers where nature and common sense have erected none. Then the attempt to restrain employers and foremen from improper conduct towards their feminine employes is but opening an avenue for blackmail, which would fill the criminal courts with cases originating out of a false belief as to where resistance should begin and attempts to obtain money in an improper way. Men in isolated instances take advantage of their position as employers, but in the vast majority of cases when employers or foremen in large establishments obtain by their position an improper influence over a young woman, the mere fact that she has been thrown into their company is more of an explanation than the relationship of an employer to an employe. If this be true, a fellow workman, who often has greater opportunities to become intimate, should be included in the bill. Parsons, priests and Sunday school teachers should also be included, and street car conductors, clerks in stores, and coachmen should come under the operation of the act. There are many other features which deserve the denunciation of sensible people but delicacy makes them unmentionable. It is evident however that Sir John the Less is not the inspiration of his own bill, but that there is a "t'otherest gov'ner" somewhere who must be cloistered or he would not take the view of life which is apparently "his'n."

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The newspapers are somewhat shy in editorializing on Premier Mercier's threatened gift of $10,000 towards the rebuilding of the University. No doubt the cunning politician knew it would strike his Ontario critics dumb when he made the offer public. It is said to be bad manners to look a gift horse in the mouth but under some circumstances it is the proper—indeed the only—thing to do. It is not rude to consider the motive nor to examine the excuse. In the resolutions introduced by the Quebec Premier here is a careful calculation of the principal and interest of an Ontario gift to Quebec, which is unusual as the introduction to a kindly offering—this is the excuse and it is meant for the Quebec taxpayer on one hand and for the Ontario "bigot" on the other. It would not do for Mercier to appear before his constituents as generous to Ontario and it was a chance to show the "bigots" that he has returned our gift with interest. The ignoble motive is not disguised inasmuch as the excuse maxes it plain by trying to force us to accept it as the result of a mathematical calculation of what is our due. That it would place Ontario in a false position is of course the reason for this liberal donation. How could we continue to throw stones at so munificent a benefactor, no matter how worthy of stoning his conduct might be? Had he not shown that he was superior to "bigotry" and provincial narrowness? Would not the gift prove that he was a friend of higher education and cosmopolitan liberality? What we have reason to ask ourselves is, shall the province of Ontario be smothered in a penny'orth of butter? Shall our voice be quieted by a gob of taffy tossed into our mouth as the scornful gift of one who desired at once to return a burdensome gift and silence us with evidence of superior generosity?

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That we have been forced into this humiliating position is partially, at least, the fault of those connected with the University, whose whining petitions for help were made before proper grants and free-hearted and unembarrassing donations had had a chance to come in. That our posture is still more unworthy either of the province of Ontario, or the city of Toronto, is due to the undignified and contemptible opposition of a section of our own people to a decent civic grant in aid of rebuilding what was and will be a source of immense material and sentimental advantage to the city. After we have haggled in our City Council like a parcel of cross-road farmers as to whether we should give anything to

ON THE BEACH AT PERCE
GASPE. QUE
From the painting by J. A. Fraser, owned by Mr. John Ross Robertson.

the University, this offer from the political mephistopheles of Quebec comes like a slap in the face and a jeering laugh in the ear. That the city has resolved to ask the citizens to give $50,000 shows in poor contrast to the delectable gift from across the Ottawa River, and if it should be refused, great gods! in what a pretty picture would we be framed. Toronto as a city, in the election of representatives has not yet learned self-respect. If the voice of the small-spirited villager is to sway public opinion in this city those who hope to build up a great metropolis must move on—it cannot be done on village methods. If a few human bulls are to go into the council room and bawl the reasonable men into silence, the room had better be made a bull-pen at once and like Mexico we will advertise bull fights as our specialty. When a thing of this kind comes up I am sorry for Toronto and for those public spirited gentlemen who have to be ranked as aldermen with those who ought to be at work in the bottom of a drain.

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This is not a burned-out city or a pauper province. Why should we pose as such and bring down on ourselves such offers as Mercier's? We can pay our way even if the $6,000,000 surplus is a myth. We are not passing around the hat nor prepared to be ranked with the Saguenay sufferers who were homeless and starving. Sapient sirs, observe the contemptible position in which the cunning trick of Premier Mercier has placed us! Did he commit to do us justice and submit to arbitration the claims Ontario has against his province we would be disarmed, but he grandly tosses us coppers when he owes us thousands. Refuse the gift, certainly, and every other gift from those who cannot profit by our University. We are not solidly organized as Quebec is, nor, thank God, bankrupt as she is, nor sending gifts to those who pay the bill, as she is. We are only jawing like a band of horse-traders with the full intention of doing what is right after we have, in the eyes of spectators, sufficiently made asses of ourselves.

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Why don't our M.P.'s and M.P.P.'s ask Russia to let up on her bedevilled convicts in Siberia? The awful scenes described by George Kennan and the infernal outrages which occasionally filter through the rigid lines of bayonets which guard the prisons of that frozen hell are enough to move hearts—even where hearts are not trumps—in our parliaments. Ireland is in hard luck and we love her and are sorry for her, but what are her worst miseries to the awfulness of these Siberian outrages where a woman is flogged to death for refusing to listen to the overtures of a vermin-eaten Cossack? There may be no Russian voters to be captured by an official protest, but there are Canadian hearts which would go out to the man who dare be sentimental enough to move in the matter. By the declared disgust of civilized countries and the protest of those who know what liberty means, the autocrat of the Russias might be taught that he is a brute and deserves to be sprinkled by dynamite over seven counties, and thus a reform might be brought about. It is worth trying—the protest I mean.

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It is quite a spell ago, and I hardly need ask you if you have heard from Haldimand. The result there was a sign of the times. Dr. Montague is a nice man, popular and able to talk eloquently and at length about nothing, but he was not the star which turned the people away from Colter and the Grit prophets. I am not an Equal Richter, because I believe that to be the Protestant clerical party and I am an anti-cleric, but, nevertheless, Colter's vote on the Jesuit Bill was his epitaph. Bribery and corruption there might have been—an election in Haldimand without them would have been lonesome—but the disgusted Reformer was on deck and at work. I have great faith in the disgusted Reformer. He is an element in our politics. The Reform party contains many, very many clean, fair-minded men. The Conservative party has a large detachment of them too and they vote as they do because they are homeless. Many of them have tried Gritism and been nauseated by the virtuous cry and the vicious conduct of the bosses. In the Reform party, however, there are so many who wear the name with pride and think it means something, that I feel sorry for them when they are disillusionized as they frequently are. They believe Sir John is a real bad old man who is only restrained from inexcusable public profligacy by old age. When their own leaders go astray, as they frequently do, they excuse them and try to adapt their professions to their pusillanimous failure to act as Liberals. When times are quiet they manage to do this, but when an independent force springs up they awake from their uneasy dream and see things as they are. Every man who has to choose between a tough and a hypocrite, will be with the professedly bad man, for deception, including as it does the belief that the deceived party is a fool, is objectionable to all. Some of the Haldimand Grits are waking up and entering their protest. They may say and believe that they do not like Colter because he canvassed for his first nomination before poor, well-loved old man Thompson was dead, but really they dislike him because they believe the principles of the old Reform party are being traded upon too long after said principles became dead or were abandoned by the party which wears the old name but is faithless to the old plan.

DON.

Social and Personal.

All things come to him that waits, and so after long waiting and weekly disappointment, the members of the Toronto Riding and Driving Club found good sleighing last Saturday both in town and on the country road which they followed. It was natural that, as what was the first drive of the season might also prove to be the last, the attendance should be large. At 5 p.m. the neighborhood of The Guns in the Queen's park wore the bright and animated appearance with which it has been familiar on so many Saturdays in previous winters. The members who drove to Weston dined and danced there, to return near midnight, numbered with their friends more than sixty, while many others attended the meet and took part in the preliminary parade. The procession was led, according to custom, by the president for the year, Colonel Otter. The four-in-hand, which last year, amongst other passengers, used to convey the untiring coachhorn blower of the club, was not out on Saturday, but there were several smart tandems and many good looking pairs. Conspicuous amongst the former class was the turnout of the Hon.-Secretary, Mr. Edin Heward, both leader and wheeler were the right cut of tandem horses, while they were handled in masterly fashion. After a short circuit of a portion of the city the long procession made its way over the well-known road to Weston. The number of railway tracks that have to be crossed are the only drawback to this route, but they are a decided one. At one point, so close to town as to be east of West Toronto Junction, the high road crosses three lines of railway, which are so close together that one bridge would take the road over all of them. Such a danger, on an important road, within three miles of a city of 200,000 people is surely a disgrace. The members of the sleighing club of course know the road well, but while the danger to them is but slight, the inconvenience of holding restless horses while an interminable freight train blocks the road and slowly passes by, is considerable, and on Saturday trains of every kind seemed to be having a picnic. When the hotel at Weston was reached members, who have known another state of things, were relieved to find there was an abundance of ostlers, etc., to attend to their horses and sleighs. Dinner was perhaps a little long in coming, but when it was announced it was found to be a very satisfactory meal. The few speeches that followed were eloquently brief, the post-prandial cigarette was quickly smoked and dancing began. The floor at Weston was always good, but on Saturday unusual attention seemed to have been given to it and it was excellent. The band that had been brought out from town played well, so that the hour for Sir Roger de Coverley came all too soon. The time-honored dance was performed with unusual verve, and by eleven o'clock the last glass of mulled wine had been quaffed and the last sleigh had left the quiet village to its slumbers. The homeward drive was, as usual, by no means the least pleasant part of an event which had fully sustained the reputation of its predecessors in former years. There was a moon, although but a young one. The frost was just enough to cause that music of the runners, which is one of the many charms of sleighing, while under snug robes and encased in furs one was warm as the proverbial toast. The trains, too, seemed to have finished their picnic, so that everybody reached home in good time, temper and spirits. Among those present were Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. Tait, Mr. Shanly, the Messrs. Beardmore, the Messrs. Small, Miss Otter, Miss McCarthy, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Campbell of Kenmore, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. Archie Campbell, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Miss Carpmael, Mr. Edin Heward, Mr. Herman Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton, Mr. Sweny, Miss Amy Boulton, Mr. Cronyn, the Messrs. Cawthra, Mr. Goldingham, Miss Thorburn, Mr. John Morrow, Mr. Pauw, Miss D'Arcy Boulton, Miss Walker of Orillia, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Miss Buntin, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. Haye, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, the Misses Seymour of Port Hope, Mr. Tilley, Messrs. Heward, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Mr. Christopher Boulton.

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Notices are out for another drive to Weston on Saturday next, sleighing permitting; but in the meantime the snow has disappeared, and at the time of writing it is mild as the month of May.

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Mr. and Mrs. Falkheim of Dresden, Saxony, have been staying with friends in town. Mr. Falkheim is a distinguished man of letters in his own country, and is also a traveler of renown. I don't know whether his book on Upper China has been translated, but it is said to be an interesting and exhaustive work on the subject. Mr. and Mrs. Falkheim left on Monday for New York, whence they propose sailing for Brazil.

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Major E. L. Bond of Montreal was amongst the strangers of distinction who were in town this week to attend the convention of the Law and Order League. Major Bond is a son of the Bishop of Montreal, and is an eloquent and impassioned speaker on subjects of public morality.

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Miss Dunton of Albany, N. Y., is staying with friends on St. George street.

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The news that Mr. Morris, for many years manager of the Ontario Bank at Guelph, is in future going to reside in town is welcomed by a considerable portion of society. Miss Morris has been so constant a visitor to Toronto that she has been looked upon as more than half a resident.

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Captain W. E. Rowe, R.A., of London, England, was in town this week.

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On Thursday evening the whole of the front row in the dress circle at the Grand Opera House, was occupied by one large theater party. The portion of the house selected was unusual, but there is really no better place for seeing and hearing than the front of the first gallery. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. D. H. Macpherson, Miss Hodgins, Mrs. Armour, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. Small and Mr. Tait.

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Captain Casey, Inspector of the North-West Mounted Police, has been spending a short leave of absence with friends in town.

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Mr. George Hague of the Merchants' Bank of Montreal was in town last week on his return from Ottawa, where he has borne a prominent part in the discussion of so great an interest to all Canadian bankers.

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Society greets important news from Paris, France, with many congratulations and a little quiet laughter.

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Dr. Blanc of Lyons, France, is one of the many distinguished foreigners who have recently visited Toronto.

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Mr. Peterson, Chief Engineer of the C. P. R. in Montreal, was in town this week.

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Mr. and Mrs. James Dawson of Carlton street have returned from Europe.

*

Miss Sinclair of Jarvis street has this week sailed from New York for England.

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Mr. J. H. Ogden of Philadelphia, Pa., but formerly of Toronto, was in town this week.

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Invitations have been issued for a parliamentary dinner at Government House next Wednesday.

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Mr. D. H. Macpherson of Prince Arthur is visiting his parents at Chestnut Park.

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Mrs. Pearcy of Bloor street west gave an At Home on Thursday.

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Mrs. Hilyard Cameron of Wilcox street welcomed a dozen ladies to a luncheon on Friday.

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Mrs. Blaikie of Bloor street west entertained a party of friends on Thursday.

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Mrs. Grasett of St. Patrick street gave a dinner party on Thursday.

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Miss Milligan of Sherbourne street gave an afternoon tea to a number of friends on Friday.

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Several complaints have been made about the condition of the ice in Victoria Rink. It appears that a club which plays hockey on the ice is admitted until eight o'clock, the time that skating is supposed to begin. They often remain in possession of the rink after eight, and when the skaters have access to it, the ice is rough and much cut up. It does seem as if the little skating which the weather allows, should be of the best possible kind. The carefully gowned girl does not appreciate the privilege of watching men slide over the ice in boisterous fun, when she has a brand new skating costume and a pair of the brightest of shiny skates.

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Mrs. Melford Boulton gave a large tea on Tuesday last.

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Mrs. George Torrance of Carlton street welcomed a little company of some sixteen ladies to a luncheon on Wednesday afternoon. Among those who were present were: Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. R. Gamble, Mrs. Crowther, Mrs. Jarvis and Miss Parsons.

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Mrs. and Miss Castle of Washington avenue have been visiting in Cobourg, their former home.

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Mrs. Pellatt, 349 Sherbourne street, gave a dance on Thursday evening, February 13. Cards and music were also indulged in.

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Miss Dumble of Cobourg is the guest of Mrs. Walker, St. George street.

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Miss Maude Vankoughnet has returned from a trip to Montreal.

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Mrs. T. C. Patteson is staying with her sister, Mrs. Palmer, in Ottawa.

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Miss Parsons, Parklands, Queen's Park, is staying with relations in Cobourg.

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Miss Lincoln of New York, who was the guest of Mrs. C. H. Greene of St. George street for a couple of months, returned home last week. This lady will ere long make Toronto her home. Her engagement to Dr. Herbert Greene is announced.

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Miss Violet Seymour of Port Hope, who was the guest of Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, is now staying with her aunt, Mrs. Vankoughnet, Washington avenue.

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Captain Gamble Geddes has gone down to Ottawa to judge a skating competition. He will visit Montreal and Quebec before returning home.

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Mrs. R. H. Bethune's skating party on Saturday evening, February 15, was postponed on account of the absence of ice at the Victoria Rink. But the guests adjourned to Mrs. Bethune's residence, College street, and enjoyed themselves chatting and had an excellent supper instead.

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Miss Stone of Rochester, N.Y., who has been visiting Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong of Beverley street, left for her home in the early part of the week. Miss Stone is expected to return here to participate in the festivities which follow the close of the Lenten season.

*

On Thursday evening, February 20, the McGinty Club gave an entertainment at the residence of Mr. H. S. Morison on Rose avenue. A bright little programme included the names of Messrs. Morison, Bradley, Beatty, McLeod, Griffith, Hurst and the Messrs. Parr, the Misses Fleming, Wilson, Aikins, Morison and Authors. Others present were the Misses Fraser, the Misses Bowden, the Misses Bain, Houston, Robson, Cuttle, Smith, Fyfe, Walker, Essery, Roberts, Nelson, Crofton, Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, the Messrs. Burns, Batterrice, Walker, Horswell, J. Austin, Hughes, Millichamp, McKay, Jones, Thompson, Fraser, Endall, McLean, Houston, Morison, jr., and Stevens.

*

The Canada Lodge, C.O.O.F., held their second annual conversazione at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening. On account of closing this page before the event occurred it is impossible to give an extended account this week. Mr. H. A. Collins was chairman of committee and Mr. H. McLean, secretary. The stewards were Messrs. R. Burns, J. D. Coulter, M. J. Dubous, F. Hazlehurst, H. Coates and T. V. Gearing.

*

Mr. J. F. McCrae, who has been spending the winter months at Jacksonville, Florida, and visiting a number of the eastern American cities, returned to town this week.

*

On Friday of last week Mrs. John Earls of Spadina avenue welcomed about forty guests to an At Home. Dancing was the order of the evening, and was gaily participated in. Among those present were: Major and Mrs. Carlaw, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. R. McCausland, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. George Warwick, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Torrington, Mr. and Mrs. C. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. P. Jacobi, Mr. and Mrs. J. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Botsford, Mr. and Mrs. A. White, Mr. and Mrs. Stark, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. R. Quinn of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Davis of Hamilton, Mr. and Miss McWhinney, Mrs. Brennan, Mr. and the Misses Couen, Mr. and Miss G. Adam, Mr. and Miss Hamilton of Port Credit, the Misses Jacobi, the Misses Jardine, Miss Powell, Miss Leadley, Miss Addy, Messrs. Carrick, Cooper, Tait, Price and Jardine.

*

The schoolroom of the Bloor street Presbyterian Church was well filled on Friday evening of last week. Dr. MacIntyre, the principal of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, gave the third of the series of Shakespearean readings. The play on this occasion was King Lear, and the audience expressed its marked approval and enjoyment by earnest applause.

*

Capt. W. H. Merrill of the Fifteenth Battalion of Belleville has returned to his home after a visit to his sister, Mrs. W. J. Hayes.

*

A very pleasant At Home was given last Tuesday evening by the Misses Platts of Sherbourne street. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Tinning, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Platts, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Hurst, Mr. and Mrs. T. Sanderson, the Misses Lawson, Miller, Latch, Forbes, Tinning, Campbell, Sanders, Collendecker, McKinnon, Leeson and Muir, Messrs. Campbell, Taylor, Rose, Tinning, J. Somers, F. Somers, A. Shaw, C. Shaw, Allan, Leeson, J. Shaw, Lounder, Ryan, Lugsdin, Vogt, Fowler, Gray, Howard, Bell, Wilson, Watson and Learer.

*

The Bond Street Young Ladies' Society gave an entertainment on Friday of last week, which they called an Old Maids' Social. Music, readings and refreshments were on the programme, and a very enjoyable evening was spent by the many who attended.

*

At the studio of Mr. Robert McCausland on Saturday last a pleasant event occurred when Mr. John Willis was presented by the employes of the firm with an elegant Crown Derby dinner service and china tea set. Mr. Willis made a suitable reply.

*

Toronto Lodge No. 30, Knights of Pythias, held its first At Home at Harry Webb's parlors Wednesday, Feb. 19, in commemoration of the twenty-seventh anniversary of the order. With the able management of the committee and Harry Webb's catering the affair was a decided success. This is the first attempt for Toronto Lodge, which is the youngest in the city, and the committee feel proud of their success. The following is a partial list of the guests: Mr. F. W. Dunn, Miss McDonald, Mr. George Beddingfield, Mrs. Beddingfield, Mr. W. F. Daniels, Mrs. W. Walsh, Mrs. Daniels, Mr. W. F. Sorley, Mr. George Mitchell, Mr. B. Yanover, Miss Jacobs, Mr. E. W. Miller, Mr. H. Alberts, Mrs. Alberts, Mr. A. Hall, Mrs. Hall, Mr. F. Fralich, Miss Vermilyea, Mr. R. Duthie, Miss Anderson, Miss Parsons, Mr. G. Dunn, Miss Walker, Mr. George Flowers, Mr. W. Morrison, Mrs. and Miss Morrison, Mr. Harry R. Flett, Mr. W. H. Stutchbury, Mrs. Stephens, Miss C. Myers, Mr. J. L. Little, Miss Bennett, Mr. Farling, Miss Farling, Mr. F. W. Flett, Mrs. Flett, Mr. D. Hastings, Mr. John M. Knight, Mr. A. Dubois, Mr. W. L. Cheeseworth, Mrs. Cheeseworth, Mr. C. Caldwell, Miss Halliday, Mr. R. W. Boyd, Miss Bell, Mr. J. B. Townsend, Miss Cross, Mr. G. Foray, Miss McGrath, Mr. J. Russell, Mrs. McIntosh, Mr. W. H. Cliff, Mrs. Cooper, Mr. C. E. Foray, Miss Morrell, Mr. W. H. Steele, Mrs. Steele, Mr. J. Elder, Miss Jones, Mr. C. Shaw, Miss Walsh, Mr. T. Green, Mr. W. J. McArthur, Mr. E. W. Morphy, Mr. F. Riddell, Miss Smith, Mr. W. J. Hunter, Miss Roy, Mr. H. Barker, Miss Riddell, Mr. A. A. Alexander, Mrs. Alexander, Mr. T. Shortis, Miss Pollard, Dr. Baker, Mrs. Peaker, Mr. George Watson, Miss Biddel, Mr. A. Watt, Miss Kenny, Mr. W. Stitt, Mr. T. E. Valentine, Miss French, Mr. Clarke, Miss Allen, Mr. J. F. McCuaig, Miss Craig, Mr. F. G. Worts, Mr. D. Whale, Mrs. Whale, Mr. J. F. Gray, Mr. W. Fralich, Mr. James Elder, Mr. D. Hawthorne, Mr. J. Butler, Miss Frowley, Mr. Fitzsimmons, Mr. R. Robinson, Mr. W. A. Gray, Miss Murray, Mr. T. G. Soole, Mrs. M. Vogan.

*

The Provincial Land Surveyors' Association of Ontario had a dinner at Webb's on Thursday evening. About fifty members were present.

*

On Tuesday evening Mr. W. G. Hurst, the well-known bicyclist, gave an At Home to a few friends at his residence on Seaton street. About seventy-five persons were present, and an enjoyable evening was spent in dancing, etc.

*

On Tuesday evening a pleasant little At Home was held at the Masonic Hall, Eglinton. It was given by a number of the young men of the village and was quite a success.

*

The Oriole Baseball Club held their first At Home in Harry Webb's parlor on Friday, February 21, and spent a very pleasant evening. Though the crowd was large yet everything went off smoothly. The affair was under the patronage of the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Boomer, Mrs. A. G. Philips and Mrs. Matthews. The stewards were Messrs. Edward Wills, William McKendry, A. Burgoyne, Fred Ruthven, Charles L. Kenney and Roderick Weir. An excellent supper was furnished by Webb.

Taken for Granted.

Clara Van Streek—And what did papa say? Alfred Sellers (sighing)—He said, "What! You? Why, I'll book you down stairs before I'll let you marry my daughter!"

Clara Van Streek (practical)—And, of course, you let him—and now I am yours, *Alfy!—N. Y. Sun.*

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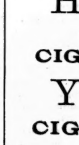
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Boudoir Gossip.

How is it, I wonder, that spring styles are always so elegant, so natty, and in many cases so simple? In winter one encounters billows of dress goods, towers of hats, and a seeming surplus of material generally. But when spring comes the wise maiden appears in a trim suit, dons a high linen collar, a bewitching little veil, and steps gayly along the street with her face as bright as the spring sunshine.

Even the carriage of the spring girl is more erect, more becomingly stately than that of her winter sister. I dare say, though, that it is quite natural for chins grow so accustomed to coaxing for warmth in soft fur collars or fluffy boas that they forget to assume the proper "in-and-up" position.

With March comes care in the way of planning. It is a nuisance—a dreadful nuisance, to take a mental inventory of one's belongings four times a year, and yet I do honestly believe that much planning and little money will finally turn out a better dressed woman than money minus the careful consideration.

•

From the *Ladies' Pictorial*, the London exponent of current fashions and the latest American fads, I clip the following paragraph: "Mrs. Kendal will have the proud satisfaction of knowing that she has instituted one reform in American society. I understand that the ladies of Boston, who are supposed to be the leaders of their country women in social and intellectual matters, have been much impressed by Mrs. Kendal's style of dressing, both on and off the stage. Hitherto *la belle Americaine* has exhibited a decided *penchant* for over-elaborate gowns, a costume of green satin with diamond ornaments being a not uncommon toilette at the breakfast table of a fashionable hotel. Happily, the American ladies have been swift to perceive that Mrs. Kendal's simple though elegant costumes are in better taste than their own ostentatiously rich attire, and that in this respect they showed to decided disadvantage beside the extremely ladylike English actress."

Is it not amusing? And in the midst of the hilarity induced, come a thought that proves a real wet blanket to one's mirth. We all know what strangely undefined ideas some English people have regarding the geography of the western hemisphere, and wouldn't it be dreadful if through the length and breadth of the tight little isle, the awful news had flown that we, too, Her Majesty's subjects, considered green satin and diamonds a proper breakfast toilette? But then, after all, it is only an "awfully English" idea, which probably sprouted from a misleading statement.

•

Madame Carnot has ordered a Princess gown of black caen point lace. The order has brought forth several flattering declarations as to its beauty, flexibility and durable qualities. It is, it appears, a bobbin lace, and the thread used in making it is manufactured for the purpose in the flax mills of Normandy. Its fair friends state with all earnestness that for gowns, neck frills, and especially for bonnet trimmings, it is superior to chantilly. Be it so, and I prophesy a furore over the French bobbin lace. It is beautiful, and has been neglected of late. That is sufficient. Dame Fashion will fondle it soon one may be sure, and its expensiveness will prevent its becoming very common.

Popular taste has transferred its allegiance from silk to fine woolens. It would seem as if all fashiondom had decided that silks wrinkle, while cloths fit smoothly and that fine cloth drapes more artistically than even soft silk. However that may be, a large proportion of dresses for weddings, receptions and even dances, have been fashioned from delicately-tinted woolen goods. Cream cloth promises to be a favorite material for the late spring and early summer. It is so simple, so almost unexceptionally becoming, and so dainty that we welcome its re-appearance. It is not to be disputed, however, that the wearer of a white gown in summer is very often attended by a small army of misgivings. The angelic non-color has such a wicked fondness for mud, dust, cinders, etc., carried to an indeterminate decimal fraction.

Belt buckles are curved to fit the figure, looking as if they were of such exquisite fineness that the weight of my lady's dainty form had bent them to suit her.

•

What fun it is to read and listen to the very latest accounts of the very newest crazes regarding precious stones. The papers assert, the dealers persuade, and the people—the obstinate, self-willed people—go on petting their own gem favorites, scarcely heeding the fashion-chimes which ring in the various beautiful jewels. We all have our especial darlings. To one a pearl brings words of tenderness. A dainty blue turquoise matches the eyes of a dear somebody somewhere. The emerald brings to mind an expanse of shadowed water, a snatch of song, a lazy movement of a little skiff, a—but there, that's plenty for a sample. To all of us something in the long ago endears the present. One sweet-faced woman loves the purple tinge of an amethyst, because it is the shade of the ribbons which her mother wore in the dear dead past. Colors and flowers, gems and songs have much of our love by reason of our sentiment.

Men accuse us of being "sentimental." Do not deny it. True sentiment is a boon to human nature. It is far too infrequently found; and the world's millions grow selfishly practical and lose the better part of themselves in stifling the tenderness which would make them nobler men and women.

•

Truly I think that all mankind should join in a general jubilation. Men are rather unreasonable in many things, but the dear, obstinate, petulant creatures have nearly a ton of my sympathy when they scold about chair scarves and head rests, which never stay in place and cause any amount of trouble. The newest head-rest is made in the tea-cosy shape and fits over the back of the chair. Isn't that a splendid idea? It may be of silk, chamois, plush, or plain, every-day-in-the-week cretonne; and in any one of the materials it will prove a comfortable bit of brightness.

CLIP CAREW.

Church Talks.

Passing along Carlton street, I have many times noticed the gilt lettered board which bears the words Reformed Presbyterian Church. One naturally looks about for the church, and glancing up the narrow boarded walk, sees a small building. It is plain, and scarcely attractive, but it seems that the present place of worship was intended for a schoolroom, while the hopeful ones expected to build a church in front. Time has gone by, however, and the small edifice is still the place of worship. One is so harassed by reforms in these days that it does not seem out of the way to think of a "reformed" Presbyterian. I have wanted to attend a service there for a long time, and last Sunday morning I walked bravely up to the door. In the vestibule was a kindly faced man, who extended his hand in a cheerfully welcoming way and showed me to a good seat.

How bare the walls were! How scant and meagre almost everything looked! A plainly finished pulpit rests on a slightly elevated platform, while immediately beneath is the precentor's desk.

The windows are of plain glass, with shades of faint yellow. The light which fell through the glass would have been cold indeed had it rested upon anything but the crimson carpet, which was the one touch of color and comfort in the whole building.

The precentor sang well. His voice is a strong and pleasing bass. It was a matter of some amusement to me that I could not hear the congregational singing save when he sang softly, and then the occupants of the pews had their turn and went bravely on. How one misses the organ's voice and the full volume of sound which inspires even the most timid singer to enter into that service, feeling sure that no one will hear the false notes or the bad time.

Nothing but psalms were sung in the little church—not even the paraphrases, not to mention the sober, slow-timed hymns which the other Presbyterian churches allow.

The pastor, Rev. Mr. Acheson, is a man of medium height, with a sincere and earnest face. His delivery is emphatic. He means every word. He excuses or modifies nothing and a touch of pathos in the incidents related and an impassioned appeal for sympathy made me forget the bare little church and the swiftly moving hands of the clock on the wall.

I have often remarked that a Presbyterian clergyman can always interest one in the Bible. His preliminary service may be lacking in warmth, but when he gets to his sermon, he has something to tell you, and in most cases you are anxious to hear it.

During the progress of the Bible reading and the aimless dawdling through a long psalm, I decided that I did not want to hear this especial sermon. That is a rather heterodox statement but I feel candid. While I was in this frame of mind the sermon began. I listened. I was interested and, as I said before, forgot the chill and cheerlessness.

Mr. Atkinson's voice is a resonant one, but it is too highly pitched to be pleasant. His gesture is effective, and his powerful plea for roses during life instead of banks of sweet-breathed flowers beside a coffin, appealed with much power to me. Sin is repulsive, but the sinner is not altogether vile. True and well-directed sympathy may impress and guide and save, where critical though correct reasoning and remonstrance only deepen remorse or excite opposition. I liked the careful justice which forbade connivance at sin, but entreated for sympathy—loving, thoughtful, charitable leniency for the sinner, and a helping hand to the lowest and the most degraded.

It was a helpful discourse based upon the charge: "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them."

In a few moments' conversation with Mr. Atkinson, after the service, he told me that this was the only Reformed Church in the city; that their membership in Canada was a very small one, and that they received aid from and were connected with the church in the United States.

Simplicity is to be admired. Earnestness can, to a great extent, supply the place of the pleasing halo of recognized formality. We do not go to church to lean back in cushioned pews and think how comfortable we are, and yet—it does seem to me as if the handsomer, the more elegant and the more artistic a house of worship is, just so much more of reverential pleasure do we take from the service.

ETELKA.

Fashion's Slave.

Lugsy.—Goin' into the circus business, Puggy?

Puggy.—Naw! I put my tail up in paper last night, and it curls so tight this morning, I can't get my hind feet on the ground.—*Puck.*

He Knew the Ropes.

Grocer—Where did you put the dust from the floor, Jakey?

New Boy (winking)—I ain't been in a tea store six months for nothing.—*Leslie Weekly.*

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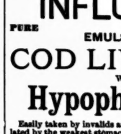

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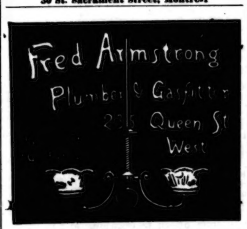

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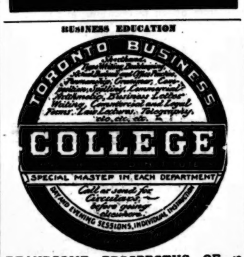

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AN HONEST LOVER.

By the Author of "A Golden Dream," "Kate Massey's Falsehood," "Beatrice Ambition," "Nothing Like Love," Etc.

He could not, however, foresee the character of his sister's opposition. From her pale, scornful face and angry eyes he could seek refuge in One-Tree Cottage or in looking after the affairs of the estate. He could write to his aunt Lady Massey, telling her the facts of the case, and begging her to come to Clitheroe and see Julia, the old lady's course was so temptuous reply convinced him that his was not the first letter she had received on the subject. His other relatives treated him with coldness and bitterly angry, Frank began to give up the idea of the "year's finishing" upon which he had set his heart, and to urge him to consent to an immediate marriage. But on this point he found her unexpectedly firm.

"It is not because I do not trust you, Frank," she said. "I know that you will never reproach me with my lowly birth; but, until I can move and speak and act before others as your wife should, I must not marry you. Oh, Frank, I have been asking myself, is it right that I should come between you and all your people, your sister—"

"Yes," interrupted her lover earnestly, "it is right. A man should give up all for his wife; and, my darling, if you will only consent to marry me at once, I will make you happy. I don't want you altered one bit."

But Julia would not listen to this proposal, although her lover's troubled face and pleading accents importunities tempted her sorely at times. She had another cause for anxiety too in the conduct of her cousin Dennis. This young man had long looked upon her as his future wife, and was bitterly jealous of the fine gentleman who had—as he conceived—taken her from him. What with her trouble concerning Frank and the strange behavior of her cousin, it was not surprising that, as the woods about the cottage began to be tinted with the gold and amber of autumn, Julia's cheeks grew pale and her step somewhat languid.

"So you are trying to turn into a grand lady as fast as you can," said Dennis sauntrily.

"I—I don't understand you," replied Julia.

The young man sat down opposite to her in the porch, and scanned her fair startled face deliberately. Dennis was not bad-looking, in spite of his shabby tweed jacket and clumsy boots. He was like Julia's father, in the service of the railway company, and had a good deal of responsibility on his shoulders.

He leaned forward and took from beside her a copy book in which she had been writing a French exercise, and looked at the weak scratchy handwriting with a very perceptible sneer.

Julia flushed and snatched the book from his hand.

"You are unkind!" she murmured.

"If you cannot bear my criticism, how are you going to endure that of your husband's friends and relatives—ay, and of your husband himself after a few years, when he is not so madly in love with your pretty face!"

"I don't want to talk to you on the subject; you don't understand, and you dislike Frank," replied the girl hurriedly.

"I have no cause to like him, Julia. Would no one but the girl I love please him, I feel I have nothing to say against him; he's an honorable gentleman, and means what he says; but you can't expect me to express much affection for him."

Dennis paused, but his young cousin made no reply.

"It is not for anything that I can say against him that I object to this marriage—it is altogether on your account, Julia, that I am sorry for it. I tell you that you will be miserable. You will always have the feeling that you have dragged him down out of his proper station to marry you. Mark my words, the gentlemen about him will despise him in their hearts; and you will feel that you are the cause of it."

"We love each other!" said Julia, almost sobbing. Her cousin's words were but the echo of what her own heart had been telling her for a month past, and she felt them bitterly.

"You love each other!" he cried. "And how long do you think that will last, with that vixen of a sister and all his grand relatives setting him against you? Do you not wonder at it," continued the young man, standing up, and speaking under strong excitement; "he is doing himself an injury—an irreparable injury—in taking a girl so much below him for her. You say you love him, Julia, but do you will think not of him, but for him—not of his passion for you now, but of the long years to come, when your beauty has faded and his eyes will be opened to his mistake. Oh, Ju," he pleaded, encouraged by the pale attentive face she turned to him, "if you will put this man out of your heart for ever, there is one who has loved you all his life—"

Julia rose up and rushed by him—the passionate scene in her eyes would no longer be kept back; and she had hardly gained her own room before she broke down in an agony of hysterical weeping.

After a little time she lay still and exhausted upon her bed. Every word her cousin had uttered seemed to her unpalatable—indeed he had but spoken her own thoughts.

"If Miss Robin or Lady Massey or any one would only speak a kind word to me, I should have some hope," she thought, sadly enough; "but I have none now. And Dennis is right; I ought not to come between Frank and all his relatives."

The grief-stricken girl turned her face to the open window, where the roses were climbing, a soft breath of air stirring them from time to time and filling the room with perfume. It was a little after six o'clock now, and she saw her cousin walk across the green plot in front of the cottage to meet her fairly. He stay and listen to their conversation—to the old man's unconcealed delight at her approaching marriage and Dennis' sneers—was more than she could bear at present. Starting to her feet, she seized her hat, and, running down stairs, was soon in the wood behind the cottage.

She was going to set Frank Clitheroe free, to tell him that she would not wrong him by becoming his wife; and, if she had been about to her death, she could not have walked more slower or more unwilling feet. She sat down once or twice to try to check the blinding tears that would drop from her eyes as she thought what she should say to her lover; but she could only sob and clasp her hands, and feel that it would be easier—oh, how much easier!—to give up life itself than to relinquish for ever the hope of spending that life at Frank Clitheroe's side.

The daylight was fading and the full moon was deepening from silver gray to gold as Julia crossed the fence which divided the Chase from the garden of One-Tree Cottage. She went along slowly, with her pale sorrowful face and noiseless footstepe until she was quite close to the window. Then, awake passed by a clump of rare foreign trees that scented all the air about her, some one came and stood in a carved stone balcony above her head. She did not wonder who it was—the footfall told her, and she moved a little so that she could look upon the man she loved, herself unseen. It was the last time, she told herself. When they next met, there would be scorn and bitter anger between them, but now she could gaze as she would, and take away in her heart a picture that would remain there for ever.

The lamp light within the room revealed Frank Clitheroe's tall erect figure and fair head distinctly, as he lounged against the stone rail of the balcony. Julia could not help seeing a harassed and worried look on his handsome face which was not there a month ago.

She was about to call softly to him, when she heard a sudden rustle of silken drapery, and his sister Robina, in a glowing costume of amber and scarlet, came and stood beside him.

"Robin," said Frank, turning and putting his hand upon his sister's arm—"dear sister—is it to be peace between us at last?"

Trembling and ashamed, Julia knew not what to do. She could not leave her position without being seen, and to be discovered by Robina Clitheroe's scornful eyes as she was looking in secret upon her lover was more than she could endure; so she stood still, hoping that they would soon go away and release her from her awkward position.

"I have come here to speak to you, Frank," replied his sister, in slow, measured tones, as though she were putting a great resolution into words, "because, as you know, I am going away from Clitheroe to-morrow for ever."

"Don't say that, Robin!"

"For ever! I repeated, with bitter emphasis. "I am twenty-three now—I have lived here all my life—it is my home, and, oh, it breaks my heart to leave it. Frank—brother—why are you driving me away!"

"You only torture me, Robin, and yourself also by such a question," replied Frank, with a tone of manly patience in his voice which thrilled Julia's heart. "You know that I am not driving you from Clitheroe. When my wife comes home, of course she must have the first place."

"And I would have been content that it should be so," cried the girl, losing her self-control as she spoke, "if you had chosen a wife who would have been a sister to me and a bride worthy of your name! When our parents died, my heart turned wholly to you; and, oh, I was so fond, so proud of my noble brother that I had no room in my heart for any other love! Choose a wife who could do once for all"

"My choice is already made, Robina," answered the young man, with the same kindly patience that he had displayed before. "You have never loved, therefore you cannot understand what love is. Julia Fower is lowly born—well, I admit it—and I love her. She is not educated as you and other ladies are educated—I shall educate her, and, as soon as I can induce her to give me her hand, she shall be my wife."

"If my death," exclaimed Robina, with a violence that was terrible to witness, "could make you clearly disgraced myself, I would die now, by my own hand, willingly!"

She pressed her hand to her bosom as she spoke, paced a few moments in silent agitation, and then, without a word, walked slowly into the room through the open window.

For a little while Frank stood still, his face pale and weary. Then he spoke aloud, his eyes turned to One-Tree Cottage, his words falling softly upon the scented air.

"Good night, my darling—my wife that is to be! he said, and, turning, disappeared within the house.

Almost blind with weeping, Julia went back by the way she came. She could not trust herself to release him, to part for ever from him that night.

"Oh, how true, how honorable, how good he is!" said the girl to herself, sobbing. "How can I give him up! Oh, what would my life be if I never loved him or saw him more!"

When Robina Clitheroe left her brother, she was almost bereft of her senses. She had not spoken to him of her love for Julia, and had thought that, if she sacrificed her pride to make one last appeal to him, he would be influenced by her. As she walked down the long room hung with portraits of the Clitheroes of old, she wished that she had fallen dead at her brother's feet.

At the lower end of the room another French window opened upon a flight of gray stone steps leading down into the garden. As she passed it, an hoarse voice called to her.

"I will degrade myself still more for the sake of our family honor," she thought bitterly. "I will go to this girl. I believe her to be good and virtuous; perhaps she is proud also. I will threaten or entreat or sting her into giving up Frank—I can but try."

Without waiting to get hat or wrap, she stepped through the open window and went down into the garden. Her blood was coursing rapidly through her veins, and her cool evening air felt pleasant to her bare arms and neck. She gave no thought to her dress, and, taking the shortest path through the Chase, soon reached the edge of the railway cutting. Slackening her pace, she walked along slowly, looking down into the dark rugged gap beside her.

"No wonder father opposed this railway so bitterly!" she thought. "He said nothing but degradation would result from it, and his prophecy has indeed come true!"

Musing thus, she was proceeding leisurely, the beauty and silence of the moonlit scene about her insensibly bringing solace to her heart and causing her to reflect upon the violent scene of her morning, when a man stepped suddenly from behind one of the trees and stood before her. Startled and terrified, utterly unused to be out alone so late, with her nerves shaken by passionate emotion, Robina Clitheroe screamed aloud, and stepped backwards hastily. With an exclamation of alarm, Denis Dunn sprang forward to intercept her, but her dress; but she eluded him, and the next moment felt herself falling.

She was conscious of a sharp shock, a sudden sharp pain in her foot and ankle, and then she fainted. When her senses returned to her, she found herself lying at the bottom of the railway cutting, between the rails. Her face and hands were bleeding, and she knew by a sickening numb feeling, alternating with terrible and intense pain, that her ankle was either badly sprained or broken.

As she lay on the damp earth, too shaken and frightened to think, and yet taking a certain pleasure in her suffering, she heard a footfall close beside her, and then a man's voice said:

"Are you hurt, Miss Clitheroe?"

"Yes."

"Can you walk if I help you?"

"No, I cannot."

"Will you allow me to lift you—so! You are very light; I will carry you to the house in half an hour."

"No, no; do not touch me!" she almost screamed.

"If I were a gentleman, you would accept my offer and be thankful," said the young man, speaking very gently at the little gally-dressed figure at his feet.

"But you are not a gentleman," replied Robina, speaking with difficulty for her lips were cut and bleeding. "Why don't you leave me here to be killed by the next train that passes? You could all go to Clitheroe then, and you know, and rejoice."

"I will go to Clitheroe now, at all events," he said, quietly, although his cheeks flushed at the Clitheroe from the gardener, "because you are here. He will bring a carriage, I have no doubt. That is all I can do if you won't let me touch you or lift you."

The last words were put almost questioningly, but the girl did not hear them. An idea had suddenly come to her, and, instead of shrinking from and shuddering at this man, she thought that had been born of her own pride, she treasured it in her heart. If Frank were to come here and find her dead, lying across the rails there, a yard beyond her outstretched arm—if he could see her with her body crushed and mangled, and the heart he had trampled on still for ever—this would be revenge indeed, and would show him what despair at his choice had driven the sister who had loved him to do. Robina knew that since that part of the railway had been finished an engine had passed along it every night about ten o'clock—for she had often heard it roar and shriek.

Realising for a moment the horrible nature of the crime she was about to commit, she hesitated. "But it is not my doing," she argued—"it is Frank's; he has driven me to it!"—and she tried desperately to drag herself forward to the rails. It caused her intense pain to move, but she set her teeth firmly together, and did not utter a cry until she lay with her head and shoulders across the line. Then she felt the earth slightly tremble beneath her, and a distant rushing sound fell upon her ears. For a moment all that was good and pure within her rose up and rebelled fiercely against such a crime. She knew that there was time yet to crawl away and live, but she would not. When her brother came, he should meet with life crushed out of her by his cruel wheels; and then let him marry whom he would—it would be nothing to her!

The sound grew nearer, the distant thunder grew louder and more distinct, and far down the line a speck of white light was growing brighter and larger.

"Miss Clitheroe, Miss Clitheroe, Miss Clitheroe, do you not see? Oh, drag yourself off the line! Oh, Heaven give me strength to help the line!"

Robina turned her eyes from the fast-approaching light and looked upwards. Every nerve and muscle in her body was quivering to obey the frantic appeal, but her determined spirit held her still. Kneeling at the edge of the cutting, plainly to be seen against the moonlit sky, Julia Fower stared with a white and agonized face into the darkness below. Robina knew her at once, and even in that awful moment was glad to know that she was there. Her revenge would be complete if this girl saw her die.

Only for a moment Julia stared down helplessly at her; the next, with a muttered "Heaven help me—I must do something!" she clutched the grass at the top of the cutting and let herself down over the edge, but there for an instant, her body swaying in the air, and then dropped at least twelve feet on to the gravelly beneath. The blind fainted upon her face, but the dauntless girl was upon her feet in a moment.

The engine was very close now. The earth was trembling at its near approach, and, as it came on with a rush and a roar, a scream of terror, a cry for mercy, for life, burst from Robina's white lips. The girl's pale face swam about her, and a white face was close to hers; and, as she turned and clung to her preserver, she felt intuitively that her broken ankle was over now, and she had had some hours of uninterrupted sleep.

Then with a sensation of devout thankfulness that she looked about the little room and at the sunshine and flowers without. When she recollected her sin of the previous night—for she had been about to destroy her life while her heart was filled with evil passions—she felt humbly and sincerely grateful for the mercy shown about her, for the life she had so nearly thrown away.

Some one was sitting behind the white curtain at the foot of her bed, and, stretching out her hand, Robina said gently:

"Julia!"

The girl rose hastily and knelt down by the bedside, blushing and trembling.

"Julia, forgive me! I have been very wicked, very cruel to you."

"I never thought hardly of you, Miss Clitheroe. I am to blame," said Julia earnestly.

Robina made no reply for a few minutes, but lay silently looking at the brown head so near her; then she asked—

"Is Frank here?"

"Yes, I am here. You have been asleep, Robin." Frank entered the room as he spoke, and bent over his sister. He saw that she held Julia's hand in hers, and he said softly, "Friends at last, dear?"

"Yes, Frank; she has forgiven me," answered Robina, pressing the hand that rested in hers. "She saved me, at the risk of her own life, not from death only, but from death by my own hand. Yes—I, an educated lady, well born and well bred, taught and trained all my life to walk in the right path—I was about to commit the sin for which there is no time for repentance; and this child of nature, poor, I always called her—risked her life to save me!"

"I did not know that," said Frank, in a low tone. Julia laid her head upon the pillow and kissed the face that was so like and yet so unlike her lover's.

It was under Miss Clitheroe's charge, after all, that Julia went to Madeira. We; and, when she had spent a year in that select establishment, it was Miss Clitheroe who stood beside her at the altar, the chief of her six bridesmaids; and many people observed how soft and tender Robin's bright eyes became whenever they fell upon her sister-in-law.

Julia was as gracious and noble a mistress of Clitheroe, and as good and fair a lady as ever reigned there; for with her and with her husband the love and the wisdom of the Book, the happy pair shed blessings upon all around them.

He Mashed a Hat.

Along about the middle of the coach was a young lady, not a beautiful girl, but just ordinary, although she had a very jaunty hat and a very pretty face. A young man got on at Castile, who stood at the door and looked the passengers over for a minute or two, and he then walked down the aisle and plumped himself down beside the girl. As he did so there was a crash and a crush, and he sprang up to discover that he had sat down upon a handbox and mashed a hat.

"I'm so sorry—so sorry!" he stammered as he turned all sorts of colors.

"Mister Dunn!" she cried as she inspected the ruin, "have you got $12 in cash about you?"

"W-what! I really beg your pardon. Indeed, I didn't—"

"Fork over!" she interrupted, holding out the hand.

"Twelve dollars!"

"Exactly. You have mashed a $12 bonnet, and I want the money."

"But, Miss—but—"

"Fork over!" she cried, as he sprang for the smoking car, and if you don't pay I'll call him! There's nothing cheap about Bill. He'll knock $50 worth of life out of your head anyhow."

Everybody felt sorry for the man. He got into a seat at the end of the car, closed himself up like a jackknife, and for many times the door opened what we could see of him turned pale for fear it was her brother Bill.

North Carolina's Breathing Cave.

In the range of mountains in western North Carolina known as the Yellow Fork Range, a most singular phenomenon exists. It is the Breathing Cave. In the summer months a current of air comes from it so strongly that a person cannot walk against it, while in the winter the rush of air inward is just as great.

The cool air from the cave in summer is felt sometimes for miles in a direct line from the mouth of the cave. At times a most unpleasant odor is emitted upon the current from dead animals sucked in and killed by coming in violent contact with the walls. The loss of cattle and other stock in that section during the winter months is not very great, and is accounted for in this way: They range too near the mouth and the current carries them in.

When the current changes from inhalation to exhalation begins, the air is filled with hairs of the various animals; not infrequently small dry bones have been carried for over a mile from the mouth of the cave as though shot from an air gun. The air has been known to change quite suddenly during exhalation from a mild breeze to a hurricane, accompanied by a terrible roaring and gurgling sound.

Many scientific men have visited the place, but the phenomenon still remains unexplained; the residents of that section fear a volcanic eruption. Something is wrong, sure.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

Matyr.—See answer to Ina.

Ina.—Impetuous, decisive and wilful.

Flop, Hamilton.—See answer to Dimples.

Victoria.—Generous, self-reliant and witty.

Alat.—Vivacious, sensitive and cautious.

Mair.—Selfish, ambitious and self-asserting.

Lottie.—High-spirited, impulsive and affectionate.

Lila.—Generous, high-spirited and self-esteeming.

Hesse.—Proud, shrewd and of a merry disposition.

Cosmo Pulp.—Impulsive, generous and pensive.

Madeline.—Self-reliant, sympathetic and ambitious.

Uncle Jamie.—Self-reliant, self-esteeming and hopeful.

Opposition.—Self-esteeming, ambitious and fond of flattery.

Lilian R.—Vanity, reserve and order are denoted by your writing.

Sarah Tickleroth.—Careless, self-esteeming and in debt.

Judy, Lakefield.—Shrewd, determined, practical and reserved.

T. R. G.—Indecision, self-esteem and ambition are indicated here.

Pee Wopkinton.—Self-esteeming, self-reliant, impulsive and generous.

Traveler.—Shrewd, constant in friendship, practical and reserved.

Punch, Lakefield.—Impulsive, generous, gay and rather self-conceited.

Cora.—Your writing denotes energy, reserve, originality and generosity.

Mabel.—Vanity, cheerfulness and sensitiveness are shown by this specimen.

Brownie.—Selfishness, energy, hasty temper and ready wit are here shown.

J. P.—Impulse, wilfulness, ambition and perseverance are exhibited by your writing.

Kate M.—Determined, firm in friendship, a little selfish and a wee bit vain.

Mrs. McGinty.—Vanity, decision and precision are shown by your writing.

T. P.—Generous, impulsive, ambitious, inclined to be moody and very energetic.

Brino, Craigleith.—Ambition, self-assertion and impatience are strongly marked here.

Toot's Dolly, Hamilton.—Shrewdness, energy and wilfulness are indicated by your writing.

Bright-eyed, Hamilton.—Indecision, wit, carelessness and thoughtlessness are shown here.

Ethelwyte.—A flippant nature, considerable romance of feeling and a sensitive temperament.

Northern Star, Cobourg.—You are doubtless conscientious, sympathetic, sensitive and generous.

Mabel H.—1. Sixty-four mile. Writing denotes practice, industrious and ambitious.

May Blossom.—Order, honesty, a practical nature and perseverance are indicated by your writing.

Grace Darling, Hamilton.—Vanity, generosity, a fun-loving nature and sensitiveness are shown here.

Stella.—Ambition, fondness for admiration, much policy and a romantic nature are shown by your writing.

Clara, Brockville.—Your writing shows a little vanity, considerable sensitiveness, decision and will dness.

Sadie, Craigleith.—Your writing shows a strong determination, much conservatism, thoughtfulness and pride.

Clara B.—A tendency to exaggeration, ambition, self-will and heedlessness are strongly marked by your writing.

Honey.—Determination, policy, much goodness of heart and a little selfishness are shown by this hasty sketch specimen.

Mrs Scotty.—I think you are a bustling, ready-witted woman, with much sympathy, a kind heart, and a temper a wee bit quick.

Peter.—Your writing shows a calculating disposition, a sheet determination, self-assertion and fondness for flattery.

Pretty, Port Hope.—Impetuosity, abruptness of manner, vivacity and strong determination are shown by your writing.

Dimples, Hamilton.—Fairly decisive, a merry-hearted, a vain and somewhat petulant maiden is my new friend Dimples.

Idonian, M. P. P.—No. 1. Practical, retiring in disposition and sympathetic. No. 2. Shrewd, ambitious and sensitive.

Ingenious.—Self-esteem, policy and sociability are strongly marked, and you are doubtless very susceptible to the influence of friends.

Mr. Scott, Craigleith.—You are a man of your word, and are doubtless a true chief characteristic. You have all my sympathy in your sad trial.

D. P.—Indecision. This specimen is only a carefully executed copy of correctly-formed letters. It is not the natural writing of a person who possesses brains.

Mr. Jones, Craigleith.—You need stamps for a paper but did not give me an address. Your writing shows careful ness, patience, perseverance and much quiet humor.

Brave Darkon.—At any book store you can get a number in book form, and then add your name, strength, number and peculiar circumstances. Writing denotes perseverance, energy, a little indecision and a merry and fun-loving disposition.

Curiosity.—You are in all likelihood quick-motioned, merry, fun-loving, sanguine, impulsive, hasty and affectionate, possibly a little vain. The enclosed denotes determination, perseverance, energy, carelessness in little things, but generosity in a high degree.

Windflower.—You can get them retail at any country store, wholesale in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa. I did not say what kind you meant or I could help you more. You can do your own stamping by means of tracing paper, and if you can, can make an engraving. If I can be of aid to you in any way with regard to new ideas, I will be glad to do so.

One of the Sleepy.—Joe Murphy will probably play here this season. 2 A French History dealing with the seventeenth century, and the Life of Cardinal Richelieu. 3. Yes. Schiller wrote dramatic poetry and odd Ballads, Goethe and Byron. 4. W. S. Gilbert wrote Pygmalion and Galatea. Don D'Ass is by Sardou, and the Lady of Lyons by Bulwer Lytton.

Fanny, Stratford.—Tastes differ with regard to the predominant color in eyes, some prefer to see in Dame Nature were usually the best judges, and I do not doubt that your eyes are pretty. Brown eyes are generally more expressive than any other tint could. Honestly do you not think so? Certainly girls should not flirt, but one can have friends, and if you can, can make them. Your writing shows you know. Your writing denotes fair decision, a precise and calculating disposition, firmness in friendship and self-will.

Debi.—The story is written anonymously and I think you could not get it in book form. 2. I like the sash curtain, and the curtain arrangement is very well selected ribbons much better than the old peek-a-boo style. Perhaps Mrs. Hardhead will give you full information. 3. Yes, Schiller wrote dramatic poetry and odd Ballads, Goethe and Byron. 4. W. S. Gilbert wrote Pygmalion and Galatea. Don D'Ass is by Sardou, and the Lady of Lyons by Bulwer Lytton.

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Dingus.—Your writing shows impulse, perseverance, energy, decision and wilfulness.

Glover, St. Marys.—A face does undoubtedly show a great deal of life history and mental temperament. A pretty face is so often accompanied by a badly constituted mind that a face is a friendly warning of the question. Is that what you meant by "using quickly?" It is not right for one to state or dance en masque with a stranger, and you should not do it. Your handwriting shows the speaking voice take deep breathing exercises, and practise the vowels in rhythm and phrase, forces and inflections. Your writing shows impetuosity, impatience and a self-will I am uniting also at to obstinacy.

Mrs. Hardhead.—That's our milkman's wife.

Mr. Hardhead—She's very becomingly attired.

Mrs. Hardhead—How so?

Mr. Hardhead—She wears a watered silk.

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OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Blushes.

There is a blush that tints the orient sky
With rosy hue, that passes into light;
There is a blush which sinks I am sun on high
Where rosy colorings deepen into night;
There is the brilliant blush within the wine-cup's grace—
But not a blush, not half so warm and bright
As that which mantles o'er your face,
When tenderly you whisper, "Love, good-night!"
—*The Jury.*

The Magazines.

The opening article of the *Atlantic* for March is a paper upon the Trial, Opinions, and Death of Giordano Bruno, by William R. Thayer; this is followed by a paper by Charles Worcester Clark on Woman Suffrage, Pro and Con. The important article is continued by John Trowbridge on the Dangers of Electricity. George Parsons Lathrop shows us The Value of the Corner, and Mrs. Lathrop contributes a paper called Lottering Through the Paris Exposition. Dr. Holmes is particularly amusing in Over the Teacups, he seems to wish that people would write less poetry. He closes with some odd verses on the rage for scribbling Mr. James' story and Mr. Bynner's serial are continued, and Mr. Howells allows her hero, from conscientious scruples, to decline to save a drowning woman—a novel position for a hero! Mr. Howells' story is unusually fine, the well composed number of the magazine to an end.

In Book Talk, in the March number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, Julian Hawthorne, who is at his best as a critic, has a charming little essay entitled Eugene Fields' Little Books, and Professor M. Bird contributes a thoughtful review of a new edition of The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius. The poems in this brilliant number, Thomas Tapper's Tribute, are of a high order, Dr. Clara B. Coomfield Moore, a tender bit of verse inscribed to Robert Browning, From Ocean to Ocean, by Lucy Foster, and A Debutante, by Florence Earle Coates.

Three papers under one general head, The New Nationalism, will appear in the March issue of *Belford's Magazine* as the leading article. The great and constantly increasing body who are interested in the important social and governmental questions of the hour will find the newest phase of these questions intelligently discussed by J. R. Wakeman, Rev. Edward E. Hale and Hon. Wm. McAdoo.

Haste Saves Waste.

"Shadbolt, what's your hurry! Nobody ever makes anything by haste. For instance—ha, ha!—I rushed away from home this morning, and forgot my——"

"Dingus, how much is it this time?"

"Five dollars, Shadbolt. I'll pay it next week."

(Feeling in his pockets) "Dingus, I came out of home in great haste, and forgot mine, too. I've made just five dollars by it."
(Hurries on.)—*Chicago Tribune.*

Home Life.

Mr. Widdle—Well, my dear, you've made so much noise about it, I suppose I must resign my seat in the club, and be a good husband and father, that I have resigned from the club. Does that suit you?

Mrs. Widdle—It's just splendid. Now hurry through dinner and get dressed, so we can go to Mrs. Highup's ball; and to-morrow night we'll go to Mrs. Tiptop's party; and the next night, you know, Mrs. Wayup has a musicale; and we mustn't forget the Globetrotters' reception the night after.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The Rhyming Mania.

Poetry is commonly thought to be the language of emotion, and the contrary, means of what is so called proves the absence of all passionate excitement. It is a cold-blooded, hagged, mechanical, carrying but sticky rhymes which can be made serviceable, after insipid which will be effective, after phrases which are sonorous: all this under limitations which restrict the natural movements of fancy and imagination. There is a secondary excitement in overcoming the difficulties of rhythm and rhyme, and in doing, but this is not the emotional heat excited by the subject of the "poet's" treatment. True poetry, the best of it, is but the ashes of a burnt-out passion. The flame was in the eye and in the cheek, the coals may be still burning in the heart, but when we come to the words it leaves behind it, a little warmth, a cinder or two just glimmering under the dead gray ashes,—that is all we can look for. When it comes to the manufactured article, one is surprised to find how well the metrical artisans have learned to imitate the real thing. They catch all the phrases of the true poet. They imitate his metrical forms as a mimic copies the gait of the person he is representing.

Now I am not going to abuse "these same metre ballad-mongers," for the obvious reason that, as all The Teacups know, I myself belong to the fraternity. I don't think it is a reason should hinder my having my say about the ballad-mongering business. For the last thirty years I have been in the habit of receiving a volume of poems or a poem, printed or manuscript—I will not say daily, though I sometimes receive more than one in a day, but at very short intervals. I have been consulted by hundreds of writers of verse as to the merit of their performances, and have often advised the writers to publish. Many of my advices have found it impossible to attempt to read critically all the literary productions, in verse and in prose, which have heaped themselves on every exposed surface of my library, like snow-drifts along the railroad tracks,—blocking my literary pathway, so that I can hardly find my daily papers.

What is the meaning of this rush into rhyming of such a multitude of people, of all ages, from the infant phenomenon to the oldest inhabitant?

Many of my young correspondents have told me in as many words, "I want to be famous." Now it is true that of all the short cuts to fame in time of peace, there is none shorter than the road paved with rhymes. Byron woke up one morning and found himself famous. Moore notably did Rouget de l'Isle fill the air of France, nay, the whole atmosphere of freedom all the world over, with his name borne on the wings of the Marseillaise, the work of a single night. But if by fame the aspirant means having his name brought before people who know the name, there is a much cheaper way of acquiring that kind of notoriety. Have your portrait taken as a "Wonderful Cure of Dandy Dissease given up by all the doctors. You will get a fair likeness of yourself and a partial biographical notice, and have the satisfaction of not of promoting the welfare of the community, at least that of advancing the financial interests of the benefactor whose enterprise has given you your coveted notoriety. If a man wants to be famous, he had much better try the advertising doctor than the terrible editor, whose waste basket is full of such as he is insatiable as the temporary stomach of Jack the Giant-killer.

"You must not talk so," said Number Five. "I know you don't mean any wrong to the true poets, but you might be thought to hold them cheap, whereas you value the gift in other—in yourself, I believe, too, I mean. There are a great many women—and some men—who write in verse from a natural instinct which leads them to that form of expression. If you could peep into the portfolio of all the cultivated women among your acquaintances, you would be surprised, I believe, to see how many of them trust their thoughts and feelings to verse which they never think of publishing, and much of which never meets any eyes but their own. It is a natural outlet for sensitive natures who find a music in the harmonies of rhythm and rhyme which soothes their own souls, if it reaches no farther."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes, in March Atlantic.*

Out of the Depths.

"The grand tour!" Oh, how grandly that sounds! "Do you know, Mrs. Murray, that I have never been fifty miles away from this place in my life."

"So you would like to travel, Linda?"

"Like!" the word is too tame. "But—" the bright voice takes a lugubrious tone—"except in imagination I never expect to."

"What would be your answer, Linda, if I should ask you, as a favor, mind, to come with me—to be my companion abroad as at home."

The young girl looked up incredulously.

"Mrs. Murray, what do you mean?"

"Just this—and I have had it in my mind to propose to you a long time—that I wish to take my dear young friend with me when I go to Europe. Through your fresh, keen delight and appreciation, my own enjoyment will be enhanced four-fold, and as a contented mind conduces to health, the benefit my physician promises me from this projected tour will be all the surer and speedier. Will you accompany me, Linda?"

If ever a face shows delight and gratitude Linda's does now.

"How can I ever thank you for all your kindness!" she exclaims. "You have been a veritable fairy godmother, and now you are going to take me to fairy-land with you."

Mrs. Murray first met Linda Desmond when two years ago the latter came to her in the capacity of a companion. She had conceived a first sight fancy for the sweet-faced girl, which time and close acquaintance had deepened into an ardent affection.

* * * * * * *

It is Paris; gay, brilliant Paris.

Mrs. Murray and her young friend have been spending the afternoon sight-seeing and shopping, and now they are seated at a table in one of the many out-door *cafes*, sipping their *chocolat*, and watching with interested, if somewhat tired eyes, the lively scene about them.

Suddenly, as Mrs. Murray attempts to speak, her words fail, and with a quick gesture she presses her hand to her heart. Linda springs to her side just in time to catch her as she sinks into unconsciousness. In an instant all is confusion. Linda, poor girl, is at her wit's end, for her knowledge of French is but small, when suddenly the welcome accents of her mother-tongue fall upon her ear.

Before many minutes the three, Mrs. Murray and Linda, and the gentleman who has come to their assistance, are being whirled rapidly along to the hotel.

It is some distance away and before they arrive, to Linda's inexpressible relief, Mrs. Murray revives from her swoon, and is able, when their destination is reached, to descend, and leaning upon the stranger's arm, to walk feebly into the house.

"Allow me to express my gratitude for your kindness, sir," she says, courteously, "in former days these fainting attacks were no strangers to me. I had hoped I had experienced the last; but my fatigue to day must have been greater than I realized. But for you, sir, my young friend would have been placed in a very embarrassing position."

As the young man lifts his hat from his curly brown locks and smiles as he answers, Linda thinks to herself that never before has she seen a countenance so nobly handsome.

"You owe me no thanks, madam," he replied. "I am only too glad to be able to be of assistance. I hope you will feel none the worse for your sudden attack."

With another graceful bow, which includes Linda, the young man re-enters the carriage in which they came and is rolled away.

"A very nice young man; I wish I knew his name," Mrs. Murray remarks, as she reclines that evening upon her lounge, a little pale, but otherwise evincing no traces of her recent indisposition.

Her wish is soon gratified, for as she and Linda enter the brilliantly-lighted reception-saloon of a friend, that same young gentleman is one of the first to be presented to them.

Linda, always pretty, is so charming to-night that she deserves the title of La belle American that is everywhere bestowed on her. She is dressed very becomingly in a pale cream robe that sets off to perfection the satiny rose tinted fairness of her complexion and the dark splendor of her hair and eyes.

To say Raymond Vincent loses his heart would be wrong, for he has lost it already.

If Linda had admired him at the first meeting, he had been completely charmed with her, and now he makes good use of the opportunity Fortune has thrown in his way.

A month speeds by on Love's own swift wings. Mrs. Murray looks on at the little idyl being enacted before her, a pleased spectator.

"He is of an aristocratic family," her friend at whose house the young people were introduced has assured her; so she feels called upon to act the part of no stern, forbidding duenna, but rather rejoices at the brightness of the future that seems opening before her dear, young favorite. A month later finds Mrs. Murray still in Paris, and her young protégée, Linda Desmond, the promised wife of the only son of an English nobleman. The rumor of Raymond's betrothal to a portionless young girl flies on rapid wings among his acquaintances, and through them reaches his father before the young man, dreading opposition, has made up his mind to acquaint him with the new compact into which he has entered.

And thus it happens that to Linda, one afternoon, comes a caller who takes with him, when he departs, all the hope and brightness of a loving young heart. As Linda reads upon the card which the servant brings her the name "Lord Vincent," her face flushes a lovely color.

"It is Raymond's father! Raymond has written him of our betrothal, and he has hastened to come and see me. How kind!"

But when the young girl encounters the cold, contemptuous gaze of her visitor's proud eyes, she sees that his errand is no kindly one. But if the haughty lord thinks to intimidate the young American girl whom he stigmatizes as a "scheming adventuress," he counts without his host, for Linda's pride is equal to his own.

"Do not be afraid," she says, in a voice vibrating with intense feeling, in which scorn is utmost and for the time drive away pain. "Were your son to come to me upon his bended knees I would not be his wife."

"Oh, Mrs. Murray! take me away!" is Linda's cry, a while later. "I must never see Raymond again. Should he plead I could not resist him; and sooner would I die than meet again that cruel man!"

* * * * * * *

Four years have elapsed. During the last, soon after their return to America, Linda's kind benefactress had died. In one of her sudden fainting attacks her spirit had fled from its tenement of clay, never to return. In her will all of her fortune, which was large, was left to her young friend, Linda Desmond.

Thus we meet our heroine again. But although it would seem that Fortune has poured all her richest gifts at her feet, though youth, beauty and wealth are hers, it is easy to see that Linda is not happy. She is seated this morning by the window, her hands lying listlessly in her lap, the embroidery, with which she has sought to beguile the time that hangs so heavily, unheeded. Her face is very pale, and the sombre crape of her apparel makes it seem more so. There is a very sad, pathetic expression in her brown eyes, whence, from time to time, tears steal down her cheeks. Her thoughts are busy with the past, with the dear friend whom she had grown to love with a daughter's affection, and whose sudden loss is still such a fresh pain, and another anguish that, though remoter, yet causes her heart to throb with sufferings as keen as when first young love received its death wound.

"Was there ever any one more alone than I?" she muses bitterly. "My parents, my lover, my dear benefactress, all taken from me. I have nothing to live for."

Just then comes an interruption to her sad thoughts, as a servant knocks to inform her that a gentleman wishes to see her.

"It's a lame gentleman, and he sent no card, ma'am," the girl answers to her mistress's inquiry.

"A lame gentleman!" No one among her acquaintances answers to that description. And so, never imaging for an instant the surprise that awaits her, Linda goes down to the parlor. As she enters the room, a tall form rises slowly, with the aid of a crutch, from a chair, and advances to meet her.

With a cry of startled pain, Linda springs forward to shrink back as suddenly. Can this pale, crippled man be the lover who had compined in the one person all the beauty and grace of manhood?

Raymond notices and interprets her demeanor wrongly. An expression of sadness crosses his features.

"I do not wonder that you shrink from me, Miss Desmond," he says. "Do not for a moment suppose that I have sought and found you to take advantage of our former relations that were severed so long ago. I came in obedience to the request of my dead father. He was taken ill three months ago, and during his last illness I learned, for the first time, that it was his hand that so ruthlessly dashed the cup of my life's happiness from my lips; and that all these years I had been wronging in my mind one who, instead of being a hard-hearted coquette, as I had deemed her, had been as cruelly injured as myself. He had kept his secret well; even during his own sickness, when I had come back from the war with the Zulus, almost a wreck, with but little chance, and less hope, of living the year out, he did not disclose the truth. But in his own last moments he remorsefully told me all, and begged me to promise that after his death I would seek out the young girl whom he had wronged, and tell her of his repentance for the harshness that had blighted two lives. I have no extenuation to make for my father," Raymond concludes, save this: that he was proud and overweeningly fond of me, his only son; and he had mistakenly thought that, in preventing my marriage with a girl whose goodness and beauty were her only dower, he would further a matrimonial scheme he had long planned in his own mind."

Raymond pauses; but as Linda does not speak, he goes on:

"You must wonder how I discovered your whereabouts. A friend, who had known of my engagement, wrote to me of your arrival here, and of Mrs. Murray's death. But, pray, believe me, that as I am now, though my love for you is still the strongest passion of my heart, had it not been for my promise to my dead parent nothing would have induced me to intrude myself upon you."

Now Linda finds her voice, and though it trembles with agitation, an unmistakable ring of joy thrills through its low, soft tones.

"As you are now!" Oh, Raymond, a love would be worthless, indeed, that time could cure, or a hero's scars terrify!"

It is three years later. Upon the velvety lawn, before an elegant English mansion, are a group of three, a lovely woman, a tall, distinguished-looking man, and a toddling, golden-haired child. It is Lord and Lady Vincent, and their two-year-old son.

They have only been at Vincent Towers a short fortnight, for among the physicians of his wife's native country Sir Raymond found one whose skillful efforts had restored to its usefulness his injured limb; and, though longing to show his bride his beautiful ancestral home, he had remained quiet until his cure had been affected.

Such a joyous home-coming as that had been! Such a time of affectionate greetings and warm well-wishing!

And thus happy in love of her husband and child, and surrounded by hosts of friends, we bid our heroine farewell. She has had her time of trial, but that is over, and now she will be able to appreciate the blessedness of sunshine all the more for having passed through the shadow.

What They Do Not Say.

He—Your father must be worth at least a million, and you will enable me to go through life in a style I could never hope for without you. I do not love you it is true, but—one cannot expect everything. If your father fails, I can crawl out of it somehow.

She—Very well. You will never amount to much, but you are good enough as far as you go. I have trifled with so many men that most no animal like a horse. No sooner they see their guardner or master, they always is crying for food, but it is always morning time. They have got assorted colors, namely white, red, black, dark, sky, and seems very clear as soon as they are washed by the horse-keeper. They have got tail, but not so long as the cow and other such animals. At the point of their tails there are hairs like a bunch." It is a pity that the gentleman did not write a whole natural history.

A Bengalee Essay on the Horse.

Many amusing essays have been written at examinations; but the following brief treatise on the horse, from the pen of a Bengalee gentleman who thought that he would like to enter a government office in Calcutta, seems to beat anything of the kind. "Horse," writes this authority, "is a wild animal of four feet. He has a long mouth, and is always obedient to men; its food is generally grass and grams [a kind of Indian grain]. He also is useful to take on his back a man or lady, as well as some cargo. Also he is useful to drive the carriages. He has power to run as fast as he could. He has got no sleep at nights, and always standing awaken. Its appearance is very long. Also there are horses of short size, but they are called tatoos. They do the same as the others are generally doing. Probably the Arabian horses are always bigerr. Ther's of them hate me, and I may not get a better offer. If I do, I can break the engagement.

Need of Caution.

Mrs. McInty—An' phat did th' docther say was th' matter wid yr eye, Patsy?

Small Son—He say-ed thar was some foreign substance in it.

Mrs. McInty (with an "I told you so" air)—Now maybe yell kane away from them Oytalians.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The Dignity of Intellect.

"Is that tall, fine-looking girl really engaged to that mean-looking little chap? He doesn't reach to her shoulder."

"I believe so; but he's quite a brilliant fellow I hear, from an intellectual point of view."

"Ah! then it's his depth, not his height, she looks to."

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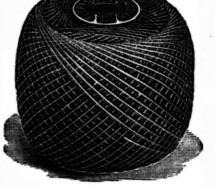

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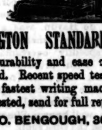

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VOL. III] TORONTO, MAR. 1, 1890. [No. 14

Music.

Monday evening's performance by the London Young Liberal Musical Club was an excellent one in almost all respects. The excellence of the specialty acts has already been noticed by my esteemed confrere in the next column, but a few words on the musical part of the programme may be of further interest. The chorus singing was not up to the excellent standard given us by the Hamilton visitors of the week before. The full strength of the chorus was brought in only in those songs which would bear a unison chorus and in these both tone and style were lacking in clearness and precision, and the men were somewhat sluggish in their singing. The harmonized choruses were sung by a quintette, in which there was a lack of tone blending, and in which the absence of individual voice cultivation rather prevented a satisfactory result.

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Of the soloists, Mr. J. Marshall Williams unquestionably bore off the palm. He has a fine, deep, bass voice of good compass, especially in the lower register. It has a good musical quality, and Mr. Marshall should lose no time in placing himself in the hands of a competent voice instructor, as his natural gifts are quite sufficient to warrant his entertaining ambitious hopes for the future. Mr. J. Studley Ashplant was the primo tenore of the company and has a very high voice, which would also be fitted for better and greater things if placed under efficient training. Mr. J. W. McIntosh was another singer gifted with pleasing natural endowments, and with his brethren called forth the enthusiastic plaudits of the large audience, which consisted of the principal Reformers in the city, reinforced by a strong contingent from London. Mr. Roselle Pococke, as conductor, evidently took the utmost pains with his forces.

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The very efficient choir which Mr. H. M. Blight has established in Elm street Methodist Church, gave an excellent account of itself on Tuesday evening, when a service of praise was held, and on which occasion the fine scheme of electric lighting was first given practical effect. The choir gave evidence of careful and painstaking training, and reflected great credit upon Mr. Blight, and the efficient organist, Mrs. Blight. The quartette of the choir, Mrs. Davidson, Miss Scott, Mr. Dent and Mr. Blight won much praise for its excellent work, and Mr. J. W. F. Harrison's fine organ solos added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Mme. D'Auria, who was announced to take part, was unable to attend owing to illness, and Miss Eda Patterson took her place very satisfactorily.

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A monster audience attended the concert given on the same evening by the University Glee Club in aid of the funds of the University Literary and Scientific Society. Every one, including the gallery full of enthusiastic students, was in thorough sympathy with both cause and performers, with the result of eliciting eleven encores from a programme of twenty-four numbers. This made a long evening, which was, however, sat out by the larger portion of the audience. A decided feeling of regret was experienced by the audience on being informed of the inability of Mrs. Agnes Thomson to take part owing to a relapse of her throat trouble. Her place was taken on short notice by Miss Alice Waltz, who gave a brilliant rendering of Lizzie's Marta and Gounod's Beautiful Maiden, with Haydn's My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair. Miss Marie C. Strong was in fine voice, and besides Ah! S'Estinto and Thou Art Mine All, gave a very pleasing rendering of I Know Two Eyes. A tendency to uncertainty in pitch in her first solo was soon overcome and her performance met with hearty recognition.

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Miss Agnes Knox, who by the way is an undergraduate of the College, was very successful. An extremely pleasing manner and appearance and a well modulated rich voice give her liberal natural equipment as an elocutionist. I observed a great improvement in both method and magnetic power since her last appearance in Toronto. Miss Knox recited Carleton's The First Settler's Story and Bret Harte's Her Letter with due pathos and humor. She made even greater effect with Bairnies, Cuddle Doun and Our Canadian Home, her encore pieces. Mr. Harry M. Field gave thoughtful renderings of Schumann's Warum and Raff's La Fileuse, as well as a brilliant and spirited performance of Liszt's Polonaise in E major. He also was encored in each instance. Master George Fox was a great favorite, and had to respond to encores for each of his numbers. His opening number, Leonard's Souvenir de Haydn, was a little uncertain in tone-clearness when he commenced, but he speedily overcame this defect, and played with artistic feeling and with much grace. His other numbers were Wieniawski's Valse Caprice, a Spanish Dance by Moszkowski, and Hauser's Ungarisch. Mr. Schuch sang his well-known Simon the Cellarer, and conducted the Glee Club.

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The Club numbered some fifty odd men, and made quite an imposing appearance, arranged in three rows with caps and gowns. The Club sang Krugh's Hark! the Merry Drum, The Cloud Cap't Towers, Wanderer's Night Song, and The Bill of Fare, with This Varsity of Ours and Johnny Schmoker as encores. They won great applause, and the universal opinion seemed to be that they sang with fire and spirit, while they gave expression and finish to their work. The accompaniments to the programme were most judiciously played by Mr. G. H. Fairclough, the accompanist of the Club.

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A new candidate for the favor of the musical public has appeared in the *Canadian Musical Herald*, published under the management of Mr. R. T. Coates, and edited by Mr. W. Elliott Haslam with Mr. Percy W. Mitchell as sub-editor. It is a handsomely printed paper, and its initial number, just to hand, shows a care and systematic arrangement of details which augurs well for its future. Interesting criticisms and original papers add to its excellence.

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The Canadian Order of Foresters will give its annual concert on Thursday evening next, at the Pavilion, with the following performers: Mrs. Gertrude Luther, Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mr. Charles B. Stevens, Mr. H. M. Blight, Miss Jessie Alexander, Master George Fox, Mr. Hubert McKendry, Mr. Joseph Walsh, Mr. James Fax.

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The Canadian College of Organists announces that the examinations for the fellowship and associate degrees will be held in this city next June. Mr. S. P. Warren, the well-known organist of Grace Church, New York, will be chairman of the board of examiners.

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The work of Torrington's Orchestra has been greatly retarded by the bad season, but this body will definitely give its first concert on Thursday, March 13, in the Pavilion. The orchestra will number over fifty and will give among other selections, Beethoven's overture to Egmont, a serenade by Jadassohn, The Pilgrim's Chorus from Tannhaeuser, the Poet and Peasant overture and Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Mr. Harry Field, the pianist, will play Webb's Concertstueck with the orchestra. Mr. H. L. Clarke, the cornet soloist, and Mr. Ernest Mahr, cellist, will contribute solo numbers. Vocal numbers will also be offered.

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The Philharmonic Society has resumed practice after the Arminius concert, and is now preparing the choruses from Wagner's works which will be given at the next concert. They include two numbers from Tannhaeuser, two from Lohengrin, and one each from Rienzi and Der Meistersinger. The concert will take place about the end of April. METRONOME.

The Drama.

On Monday evening the London Young Liberals appeared at the Grand Opera House and gave a very good minstrel show. The audience was large and easily moved. Applause was given with an indiscriminate liberality which denoted the greatest good feeling. There has long been a certain connection between politics and jugglery, but this combination of politics and Ethiopian minstrelsy is something of a novelty. It might be thought that the serious minded young men who are anxiously watching the indications of the political weathercock and are looking forward to the day when their Ciceronian periods will be recorded in the *Hansard* would consider it derogatory to their dignity to come off their pedestal and cajole the thoughtless multitude with burnt cork and topical songs. But the Young Liberals of the city by the fair flowing Thames do not seem to consider it so and I think they are about right. In the first place the young man who aspires to become a howling success in the political world must, at the very outset, master the art of gaining the favor of the suspicious public. Again, to look at it in a more general way, it is not the young man who constantly goes about carrying a load of dry thought that makes him round-shouldered, who wears the look of a Solon on his impassive countenance, or whose tongue is always freighted with words that make a man tired when they are unloaded on him, who in the future is most likely to be the driver of the governmental chariot in this young and democratic country. It is the man whose reputation for wisdom and dignity is small that cannot afford to sacrifice any of it. Men of the most comprehensive intellect, of the broadest and most sympathetic powers of mind are always found to be not only fond of the jokes of others, but enter into a frolic themselves with the keenest sense of enjoyment. In all my theatrical experience I have noticed that performances of a light farcical nature are oftener patronized by hard intellectual workers than any other class of entertainment. If, therefore, the Young Liberals of London will be as successful in catching the public with their political speeches as they were with their burnt cork entertainment, they will be of valuable assistance to the party.

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The recent appearance here of the two amateur minstrel companies from our little sister cities, Hamilton and London, and the rumor of the formation of a Toronto minstrel combination, prompt me to make a suggestion. In doing this I crave the indulgence of Mr. Metronome for trespassing slightly on his ground. This is a time of revival of things ancient. Old comedies and old tragedies are taken down from the shelf, relieved of the dust of decades and put on the boards as they never were put on before. Would it not be a good idea for our amateur minstrel companies—leaving professionals out of the question—to revive some of the old melodies of the earlier days of minstrelsy. I mean those old tunes that echoed about the cradles of most of us and impressed themselves on the plastic memory of childhood. They are the folk songs of America that carry us back to thoughts of the little old log cabin in the lane, and of the mother who was the spirit of gentleness there—the songs that outlive a thousand of the rumty-tum-te-tumty-tum jingles of opera bouffe and will live with us forever. They have almost died off the stage. Patti occasionally sings Home, Sweet Home, but the minstrel does not sing The Old Kentucky Home. He gives us the old gags but eschews the old songs. If he would reverse it I think it would be an improvement. The simple ballads and melodies are the people's music, and to their familiar notes their hearts never fail to beat in responsive symphony. If our amateur companies would revive some of them instead of trying to give us a weak imitation of the claptrap of the modern professional minstrel show I think they would draw the whole town.

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On Thursday evening Daniel Frohman's company, playing The Wife, opened an engagement at the Grand.

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The Twelve Temptations is announced to be at the Grand Opera House all next week. As a spectacle The Twelve Temptations ranks among the best. There are seventy people in the cast, and most of the ballets and special features are said to be entirely new.

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Bartley Campbell's Siberia has been doing good business at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week. This drama of Nihilism, though now something of a twice-told tale, is still capable of appealing strongly to public sympathy. The plays of this ill-fated author have running through them a vein of melancholy romanticism that takes the wire-edge off the melo-dramatic situations and is very taking with that portion of the public that does not draw the lines of pathos too closely. It seems as though this shadow of melancholy were a portent of the author's fate which pervaded all his work even to the selection of subjects. The cry of oppressed slavery and the groans of the victims of Russian despotism were the sounds that drew his attention and inspired his pen. And as a result he gave us works that were gloomy and somewhat morbid. Somewhat patchy in their texture and sometimes strained in their situations they were saved from the universal wreck by the delicacy of their sentiment and their romantic melancholy. They seemed the products of a mind that was sensitive and a nature finely strung, but not an intellect that was powerful. In this Siberia there are many beautiful and touching scenes, but at no time does it rise to the dignity of a great play. Still it is popular. It has all the interest of a live subject. The oppression and the wrongs which gave rise to it are still in active operation, and are not, unfortunately, likely to be soon discontinued. The company presenting this play contains some fairly clever people. Mr. Adolph Jackson took the leading role. Miss Eleanor Monetti as Sara and Miss Carrie Radcliffe as Marie played with much skill and showed a very good knowledge of their parts.

Frank Tucker's Metropolitan Comedy Company will present the great success, Uncle Josh Whitcomb, at the Academy of Music all next week.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Rider Haggard's book, Cleopatra, has been dramatized and will be produced later on this season.

It is estimated that the Kendals' receipts in this country will amount to over $250,000 before their season is over. Their week's receipts in Toronto amounted to $7,500. They will close their season here on May 17.

The proprietor of a farce-comedy has confessed that he never engages his comedians for any talent which they possess. The only thing he wants to find out, he says, is how far they can fall backward without killing themselves.

The practice of giving souvenirs after a certain number of performances of successful plays is beginning to be a matter of importance in New York. Those given for the two hundredth performance of Shenandoah, the other night, represented an intrinsic value of $1.75 each.

One of the young ladies who was here a short time ago in Rose Coghlan's company has something of a history. That is Helen Bancroft, who has herself attempted starring at different times. Some thirteen or fourteen years ago two raw country girls from Newberg, Ind., a little town a few miles from Evansville, went to the latter city and obtained employment there as chambermaids in a fifth-class hotel. They were both ignorant and illiterate, but one in particular was very handsome—so good looking, in fact, as to attract general attention in Evansville. She was tall and willowy, with lustrous black eyes and beautiful olive complexion. This girl, despite her illiteracy, was ambitious, and in course of time got to New York, where she studied and eventually became known on the stage as Helen Bancroft, a rather brilliant woman as well as a beautiful actress.

'Varsity Chat.

One touch of fire has shown the kinship between all graduates. From all parts of the province, and doubtless soon from all parts of the world, come offers of sympathy and help. Graduates, wherever found, stand up manfully for their *alma mater*. Herein lies much of the strength of the institution, that her sons being men of honor and superior intelligence lead public opinion in her favor. Unfortunately it seems necessary that she should be defended because we find, even in high places, a strange eagerness to misrepresent her. One is tempted to say harsh things, but that would be unwise. It has been said that the University was guilty of something like legalized robbery in her dealings with the city with regard to the park. If such statements were accompanied by figures we should stand with all confidence before the bar of honest public opinion. Had the University insisted on her rights in that transaction it would not now have been necessary to ask money from the city. It is well known she did not so insist, and hence the attitude towards her of certain gentlemen of undoubted influence reminds one of the United States in Behring Sea. We are told the city is under no obligation to the University. Indeed? It would be interesting to calculate by how many thousands the population of Toronto has been increased by the influx of men with families who have been attracted within her limits solely by the educational advantages offered by the University. That is a kind of benefit which even Ald. Frankland might understand. The public schools are good; in fact they are absolutely indispensable. We cannot do without them, but neither can they do without us. If there were no fathers there could be no children. Then about that park to the north of the college. What happened the Queen's Park I wonder? It would seem that the city is not a safe custodian of parks.

Among her loyal sons who are repaying their *alma mater* by using their energies and abilities, largely from her acquired, in her defence is to be noticed Ald. G. G. S. Lindsey. That gentleman may feel assured that he has earned the genuine gratitude of his fellow grads. and of undergrads. by his endeavors in the City Council.

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Mr. James Brebner, '90, has become a necessity in our little library. Books are rapidly coming in. Prof. Baker, whose superior executive ability has been displayed in other University undertakings, is convener of the committee appointed to re-collect the wisdom of the world in books. His appointment is a guarantee of success. This is a time when one might wish himself rich.

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Meantime many thanks are due to the members of the faculty for their willing offers to supply deficiencies for their respective students from their private libraries.

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Sir Daniel received this week a letter from the editor of the Harvard undergraduates' *Crimson*, expressing their sympathy at our loss. Many thanks, brothers.

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Society meetings have been much interfered with by the fire. The Y. M. C. A. building which was so useful before is now doubly dear. The parlor has been turned into a ladies' reading-room. The main audience-room will be fitted up as a library, and the reading-room proper is used as a general students' room.

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This evening (Saturday) the class of '92 hold a reception in the hall.

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Mr. A. H. Gibbard, B.A., '87, whom fourth-year men will remember as chief assistant librarian in their freshman days, has subscribed $500 to the library fund.

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The concert on Tuesday evening was a powerful success. Our friends supported us most loyally. Mr. Schuch, under whose experienced direction it was held, was as good as gold in his indefatigable efforts to ensure a satisfactory result.

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The fire is still smouldering in the basement under the eastern end of the library.

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Gown-wearing has taken beautifully. Much credit is due to the two Stu(ew)arts for seizing the opportunity to introduce a beautiful and consequently a useful custom. Next year the matter of year colors might be taken up.

NEMO.

Trinity Talk.

Mr. A. F. R. Martin, '92, who for some weeks has been unwell at his home in Hamilton, returned to his work on Monday last. I am glad to say he is looking much better for his long rest.

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At the last meeting of the Literary Institute, a motion was introduced by Mr. Pickford, seconded by Mr. Troop, the substance of which is, that any member whose name is down for the evening's programme and who is unable to be present, shall be required to find a substitute, and if he fail to do so he shall be subjected to a fine of one dollar. The motion is a capital one and should have long since been placed in the constitution. It is time the barefacedness of men in failing to turn up when their names have appeared on the literary programme should call forth some attention from the long suffering undergrads.

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Though the time for the election of the officers for the Literary Institute is still some weeks distant, the eager aspirants for seats on the literary council are gently canvassing among the students, and it is funny to notice how hospitable some of the would-be councillors have become and how much they wish you would drop around to-night and have a little supper—just a few particular friends, you know. How suddenly they appear to have awakened to the fact that the freshmen are really an exceptionally fine lot of fellows, so sorry not to have seen more of them but must make up for lost time. To all students who are not looking for office I offer this advice: Keep a quiet tongue and "lay for" suppers—they really are most amusing.

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A devotional meeting of the Missionary and Theological was held on Wednesday evening last. Rev. J. C. Davidson, rector of Peterboro', conducted the meeting. CICUS.

The Life of a Journalist.

"I am tired to death of studying dull books and listening to stupid debates and writing newspaper articles, and talking politics from morning till night, and preaching Red Republicanism to every lording or squireling that provokes me," said James McDonnell, the late editor of the *London Times*.

"From the bottom of my heart I wish I could get six months' total rest. I am thoroughly knocked up. My brain is jaded into a state of stupor, and years of toil have left their usual legacy in a state of intolerable weariness.

"This morning I am tired to death. During the last six days I have written five leading articles in the 'D. T.' and part of a long essay for 'Fraser.' I have listened every night to the debates. I have lived in a chronic state of warfare with some of my friends on the subject of the Irish Church. I have been dining and living with friends in the country. I have been spending a great part of my time in driving about the town at a Jehu-like speed in hansoms. I have had, as usual my share in the editing of the 'D. T.'

"I have been studying the proceedings of the third Parliament of Charles I. I have been supping every night at midnight on such digestible things as cold beef, salad, and sherry. I have been to see the exhibition of the Royal Academy, and now, to-day, when I am as tired as a dog, I must write letters, go on with my Fraser essay, meet some friends in Kensington, dine with a man at my club, and in a general sort of way commit constructive suicide. It's a confounded shame. I wish I were a blacksmith or a country parson."

A Voice from The Gods.

At a lecture on The Decline of Literature, the eloquent orator shouted: Where are the Chaucers and Shakespeares and Miltons and Spensers and Macaulays! Where are they, I say!"

And a voice answered, sadly, from the gallery, "All dead."

The School Mates

For Saturday Night.

Why, John, my old school mate and chum,
Whoever thought the time would come
That thus again we'd meet?
You dressed as one quite well-to do,
I in a garb that's far from new,
And very far from neat.

Just like the clothes you see me wear,
That fail to turn this frosty air,
Rough service I have seen;
And though the weight of years, 'tis true,
Does something lover me, yet you
Much younger look, I ween.

Your life has full'n on ways of ease,
Upon your bark a fav'ring breeze
Has never failed to blow
While mine in tempest has been tossed,
And age has come ere youth was lost
The fight has worn me so.

You have the battle won e'en now,
I yet to win—but when, and how,
I really cannot tell.
But never mind—another shake!
We'll talk of days before a flake
Of age upon us fell.

Ah, those school days! 'tis, after all,
With cheerful heart that I recall
When I a blue-eyed lad,
And you a lad with auburn curls,
Both lost our hearts about the girls,
And went completely mad.

Let's see—'twas Mollie won your heart,
You swore that death alone could part
Lovers so fond and true.
Once, when toward the little maid,
Who looked so neat and sweet and staid
A burning kiss you threw,

Old Dominus, with ferule large,
Adown the aisle made furious charge,
The lightning in his eye.
Ah! then it was the welkin rung,
And Mollie pitied, as you sung,
With sympathetic sigh.

Well really, I've forgot the name
Of her who was my youthful flame,
In those old happy days.
My pawkie, too, was very strong,
It ran full hard, but ran not long,
In brief but changeful ways.

When love was o'er, 'twas by the spring
That we, at noon, with books we'd bring,
Replenished learning's flame;
There, 'neath the waving willows' shade,
We thought no more of love or maid,
Our aspiration—fame.

Our school boy fights and struggles wild
Seem now quite harmless, John and mild,
Though then of moment grave.
How oft we fought with boyish skill,
Then, in the creek behind the hill,
Our gory nose we'd lave.

The years rolled on, and quickly passed
Those care-free days—ah, could they last
How happy would we be!
I entered into trade's brisk hum,
To college you, soon to become
A fully-fledged M.D.

Old boy, the golden spoon was thine,
A wooden substitute was mine
Throughout the life I've led;
And, looking back beyond life's noon,
I fear the nature of my spoon
Has got into my head.

But could you, ere we part, dear John,
In mem'ry of those times long gone,
Oblige me with a ten;
Ere many days shall come and go,
I'll be enabled, John, I know,
To pay it back again.

What, gone! Yes, when I mentioned cash
He broke away with sudden dash,
And anger of a Turk.
Dear me! I felt quite confident
For "Auld Lang Syne" an X he'd lent;
But school-day fakes don't work. W

A Watch in the Night.

For Saturday Night.

Sometime, between the midnight and the dawn
Sweet sleep and I were parted—
(The day's long hours, with overplus of pain
Had left me heavy hearted)—
While the tired world, so still and moonlit, seemed
The enchanted land, where happy spirits dreamed.

A night bird called—the startled echoes woke,
The moon made fairy bowers
Down the green orchard, where the apple bloom
Fell soft—in scented showers—
And in the solemn hush—I seemed to know
A sacred presence, from the Long Ago!

O shrouded face! beneath thy daisied mound,
O sweet true lips and eyes!
O ransomed soul! could'st thou one hour have left
The courts of Paradise!
Surely I saw thee—like a lily bloom,
So pure, so sweet—within my moonlit room!

No clasp of hands or eager cry I made,
Lest the blest spell were broken,
But glad my spirit did thy spirit greet
Tho' never word were spoken,
We heard, we looked, we loved, in rapture deep
Then, o'er my soul fell ease and dreamless sleep.

GRACE E. D.

A Village Maid.

Myra hath beauties pleasant to behold;
Her silken crown's adornment for a queen;
Her eyes are windows where the soul is seen;
Her mind's a store of treasure, good as gold;
Her heart is to be won, you say, not sold.

Never before beneath earth's arching skies
Was such enchantment in a maiden's eyes;
And yet she's in the market, to be sold,
Never was village maiden such a prize,
Who bids? Bid high, in love, not gold.

EDWARD S. CRAMER.

No Risks Run.

Pretty Girl—I called in reference to your advertisement for a typewriter.

Cautious Bachelor—I advertised for a young man.

"Yes, I know, but I was in hopes I might do."
"Hem! Can you cook?"
"Cook? Why, yes."
"Good housekeeper?"
"Oh, yes."
"Fond of society?"
"No, I seldom go out unless obliged to."
"Take that desk there, please."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

In Sight of Bananaland.

OLD UNCLE COON.

HE man who never gets seasick has no particular reason to be proud of it. If he had been built on the seasick plan, like everyone else, he would doubtless have be ashamed to be seen in the undignified attitude of relinquishing his nourishment over the deck and to the sad-voiced sea. There is something intensely humiliating in losing of control one's gastric apparatus and making public the contents of one's stomach. I don't believe it is possible for one to attend upon his best friend when he is making an exhibit of unassimilated fragments without a feeling of disgust which is almost certain to produce nausea. The victims of sea sickness are aware of this, and, if possible, it adds an additional misery to that deathly feeling which makes the sufferer utterly indifferent as to how he looks or acts and entire'y reckless as to whether the vessel sinks or swims. I had unlimited opportunities to study the effect of this marine distemper on others, for our voyage was not a smooth one. I never got seasick myself and am vastly proud of it, though aware that I have no right to be. I was frightfully lame and could not walk about; I had to stay where my room steward put me, even though the waves sometimes washed under my steamer chair and made things look very moist and uneven thereabouts. The steward and my fellow passengers very frequently deserted me and occasionally for an hour or two my contemplation of the waves would be uninterrupted by conversation. This was not pleasant; it gave me a feeling of friendlessness and desolation. I knew it was nobody's business to hang around, minister to my comfort and talk to me, yet I resented the absence of the others, and when after a while they got seasick, I endeavored to suppress the delight I felt in giving them advice and telling them that though I was a cripple and could not run around much, at any rate I did not convulsively let go of myself and things. I was not any one generous enough to refrain from approaching a seasick acquaintance with cheerful admonitions of "Brace up," "Don't sit around looking as if you had fallen apart," "Take a glass of brandy and you'll be all right," or "Have a plate of beef-tea with lots of red pepper in it; that will fix you up!"—while the very suggestion of taking anything into one's stomach causes a nausea more terrible than the most awful pains of the Inquisition. Of course one who escapes has to tell these miserable sufferers that he is not seasick. Of course they don't care a cent whether you are sick or not, but you may be sure they wish you were dead. It is the usual plan to draw up one's chair beside an acquaintance who is so deadly sick that he or she can't stir a finger and remark that the lunch was really first-class and that "a good square meal would make you feel all right." There may be a fluttering of an eyelash or a trembling of the lips but the victim is too ill to argue. Then go on to relate the number of voyages you have made across the British Channel, St. George's Channel, the Mediterranean, across the Atlantic fifty-six times, been on the Pacific Ocean in the wildest storm, round Cape Horn, Cape of Good Hope, and if discouraged by the inattention of your auditor, tell further lies as to frightful episodes in the Arctic Sea, Behring's Straits, among the Phillipine Islands and on the Chicora, but be careful to interlard all this narrative with the statement that you never missed a meal and had sense enough not to be seasick. Relate anecdotes of foolish men and silly women who have taken to their berths the first day out and stayed there till they sighted land. The victims will no doubt think that they were wise to have done so, if by such means they escaped such bores as you, but this is immaterial. The satisfaction you derive from the conversation will be more hearty if towards the close of it a faint voice begs of you to ask the steward to "bring the little tin can." After the paroxysm is over, continue your conversation. Assure the sufferer that it is purely an imaginary complaint, that you have known scores of men and women who have been entirely cured by putting a piece of letter paper over their chest next the skin, that their sense electrical condition is produced which saves them from nausea. Tell him to eat hard boiled eggs, drink apollinaris, sour lemonades, bottled beer, champagne, mustard and water, anything that occurs to your fevered imagination; it will be all the same; they won't do it. Once in a while you will find a man or woman who will take almost any advice given them in hope of being saved from seasickness. In the smoking-room a full-blooded and well-fed Israelite was playing poker when his stomach became disarranged. They were using beans for chips, and one of the party told him that nothing in the world was better for seasickness than raw beans; the less chewing done the better. He ate about half a pint—but with the ruling passion strong even in misery he did not consume his own chips—and when he did finally let go the gentleman who had given him the advice consoled him by the remark that probably he would have been all right if he had taken a little pork with it, that beans were not wholesome without it. For one who does not care to systematically torment sick people it is a good idea to go around amongst those who are wrapped up in rugs and inquire whether they are seasick or not. The suggestion is always timely. If they are of a mild disposition their eyes are upturned to you in mute appeal for your absence, if they are abrupt in their manner, they will tell you to mind your own business. In either case the pleasure of the voyage is enhanced by the sight of their misery. But the funniest example of summary punishment inflicted upon one of these tormentors was in the case of the Scientist—the man with the upturned nose. On the second day out his wife was becoming ill, but he insisted that if she kept moving about she would be all right. Poor thing; she was too sick to walk but he dragged her along in a sort of half trot, her face as pale as a ghost's. She begged to be allowed to sit down, lie down, jump overboard, or do almost anything, but he insisted on movement. Unlike the balance of the passengers he did not squander any money on champagne or brandy but stuck to pedestrianism. They were just about opposite my chair when nature refused to be controlled any longer, the ship lurched and the fountains of her stomach were unloosed right on his high stand-up collar. I don't think I ever saw anything that pleased me so much. Her arms were tightly, despairingly entwined about his person to keep from falling and the egress of nourishment did not stop for a moment. Mr. Scientist's garments generally received the benefit and the Commercial Traveler laughed out loud. The look of intense disgust and the difficulty which the Scientist evidently felt in restraining himself from laying violent hands on his wife made two or three people jump up and offer their chairs to the afflicted lady. The Scientist, however, insisted that she should go downstairs to her berth, but at that moment his own stomach gave way, and with his arm around one of the pillars which support the awning he leaned over the turbulent Atlantic and gave up the digestive ghost with a violence which had not been exceeded by any of his companions.

The old lady with the strong will and decisive manner had been kind enough to talk to me for a little while. She was of the opinion that the voyage from New York to Nassau was probably the rankest piece of folly that anyone could undertake. "If Nassau were the only place in the world, I could see why people might want to go there. If it were the only place fit to spend the winter in, I would be willing to endure all this misery to get 'there, but there are thousands of good places right in the United States, where one does not have to die a half-a-dozen deaths on the trip. I told my husband I would be as sick as death if we came here, but he would come, and the only satisfaction I have is that he is sicker than I am. I'd like to know what Nassau amounts to indeed! Just look at that sea! Watch this little tub slip off the wave into the trough of it. Now feel it come up! pitch and roll at the same minute! I can't for the life of me," she gasped, groaning aloud, "see why anyone should come out here. If I ever get back I'll never start out on a fool trip like this again." The stewardess helped her downstairs and she failed to loom up at dinner.

There was a wonderfully jolly priest on board, handsome and with those kindly ways which at once endeared him to everyone. We were not fairly past Sandy Hook before he got sick. The poor man had so many friends that they would not leave him in his berth but he had to trot around the deck and take everybody's pre-criptions. I shall never forget his ghastly smile when the unsteady procession of promenaders asked him how he felt. He endeavored to be grateful and cheerful, but the poor man had to hold his hand over his mouth as he spoke in order to keep his insides in their proper place.

I was placed beside the purser at the head of his table and across from me was a Brooklyn alderman, a pleasant faced gentleman who had very little to say and was chiefly remarkable for the alacrity with which every day after getting his soup he sprang from the table and hurried for some other place to put it. Next to him was his chum and traveling companion thoroughly on pleasure bent, and unable to get much of it on account of the unsettled state of the weather and things. Next to him sat a Cuban engineer, swarthy of skin, black-eyed, black-haired, black-whiskered and inclined to become acquainted. Three other Cubans were ranged beside him followed by a very gentlemanly young man and his wife. One of the first conundrums propounded at our table was how under merciful providence such a fellow had ever gotten such a wife. Large and not entirely unshapely of form, her dresses showed the taste in style, color and build ordinarily exhibited by a prosperous Mary Ann from abroad, and her whole get-up was so suggestive of the cook attired in her Sunday gown that the lady next to me felt sure that the young man must have married the forewoman in his mother's kitchen. The Commercial Traveler contended that the young man had been injured in a railroad accident, and while his brain was affected by a contusion he had fallen in love with the chambermaid of a railroad boarding house and married her before he got well. My own opinion was that such a match could never have been made outside of a mining camp. Very often where a lot of men are long separated from the gentler sex they are prepared to fall in love at first sight with any woman who comes along who is not old and absolutely hideous. A chivalrous feeling that all females of the species are angels, unless they are known to be otherwise, always prevails in such a community, and it is thought to be a base and unworthy suspicion which would suggest the investigation of the record or fine points of a woman who happens to come that way. No doubt our young friend was the most cultured and gentlest character in the gulch. As the men were probably all suitors for the terra cotta hand which we observed never to be tardy in reaching for what its owner wanted, she had doubtless chosen him from amongst his rivals. Tall and slender, with a refined, almost aristocratic, face, well dressed, low voiced, gentle spoken, his language suggesting a man of education, he was a general favorite, while she, buxom, frowsy, and with a voice so loud that it could be heard all over the ship, even in a storm, unconventional and rude, was avoided by everybody of taste who could get away from her. No matter at which end of the table the conversation began Mrs. Cook's voice was heard to be engaged in it, and her views were expressed with that unreserved directness which made it difficult for others of more moderate opinions to continue the discussion. Gentler natures and less vigorous frames succumbed to *mal de mere*, but Mrs. Cook, at the end of the voyage, prided herself on never having missed a meal. Another young female person sat next the Commercial Traveler and she exhibited all the hoydenish traits of a girl of eighteen whose education had been neglected. She was traveling with an elder brother who seemed to be unaware of his sister's deficiencies or he would have sat apart with her and told her some solemn truths with which she seemed unacquainted. He was sickly, while she was very healthy, and her youthful frame, full of animal spirits, was certainly uncontrolled by the refined instincts which we expect to find in a young woman who has had a good mother. It transpired that she was an orphan and the Commercial Traveler, who was young and good-looking, used to confide in the balance of the table—when she and her brother were absent—that he had found out that she was very anxious to get married. As he passed as while promenading the deck with this handsome giggling girl he gave the most profound and side-splitting winks that I ever saw. We remonstrated with him but without effect, and in less than forty-eight hours she apparently imagined herself engaged to our itinerant friend, whose attentions to her at the table and elsewhere were made so noticeable that some of the matter-of-fact people who could not appreciate the questionable humor of the situation thought that it must be another case of unaccountable love at first sight.

It was the second day out, if I remember rightly, that as I dropped into my chair at lunch, the rolling of the ship wrenched me so violently that a vicious "*Carrajo*" escaped me. A dozen years ago I lived in Mexico, and though I never learned the language well enough to teach in the University, I picked up enough to enable me to ask for *carne E frijoles* in the soft Castillian tongue, and to pass me along generally, so long as I kept out of politics, religion and love-making. Among the first words I acquired were a few, which I sometimes suspected of being in the nature of "cuss words." I am not sure of the spelling of it, but I am certain that "*corrajo*" was one of the most satisfactory things I could say when I got my finger pinched or a horse stepped on my foot. I acquired its meaning and was told that it meant nothing more than "Oh my," or something of that sort, and after I had forgotten the balance of my sweet Spanish vocabular, I kept that word in stock as a good thing to say, if unexpectedly excited when my wife or spiritual adviser were by and such sections of the English language as could be appropriately used might be considered hasty. This ejaculation attracted the attention of the Cuban gentleman who sat opposite, and later my fondness for red pepper convinced him that I must be partially akin to him. Thereafter he was my friend, and did I need help up or down stairs he was there with his companions to carry me if necessary. He was loquacious and had been an insurrectionist when the island rebelled against Spanish rule. He hated the Spaniards and his friends did likewise, and their hate was a revelation to me in the way of fervently disliking people. Its surpassing bitterness, its method of manifestation, the frequently expressed desire to have access with cutlery to the livers of all interloping Spanish officials who oppress the Cubans became a subject of interest, not only to me but to the balance of the table as well. He told of the oppression that he and his compatriots had undergone and how his estate had been confiscated and laughed merrily, brandished his arms and knocked over his coffee when describing the easy methods they adopted of putting to death the Spanish soldiery. He said it was their habit when a new regiment came out from Spain to draw them into the interior of the island, have a skirmish with them and retreat. The soldiers would pursue them hotly for half-a-dozen miles, when, as per arrangement, they were led to the banks of one of those sluggish and unsanitary streams which intersect the low lying lands. The unacclimated soldiery, panting and overheated, would drink heartily of the water, and in the course of a few hours would be suffering from a disease similar to cholera, and three-quarters of them would die. I think the revolution lasted some eight or nine years. During that time, if his figures were correct, nearly a quarter of a million of Spaniards lost their lives in the island of Cuba. He described the administration of the favorite of Queen Isabella who, after his four years of occupation as Captain-General returned, having saved nothing but the unexpended portion of his salary, which is $50,000 a year. His royal mistress, after questioning him, explained that he was a fool, and ordered him back for another term, at the end of which he returned to Spain with a frugal hoard of five million dollars, stolen from the miserable Cubans. I confess that after hearing the Cuban's version of Spanish mal-administration I was hardly surprised at his appetite for liver.

That night at dinner the table was almost empty, and the vigorous young woman who looked so much like a cook that I have taken the liberty of calling her Mrs. C——, being unattended by her husband who was ill, seated herself at the board beside the purser in order to be more contiguous as it were, and engage in the conversation with greater freedom. The Cuban gentleman had been describing the Spanish idea of domestic life. As you probably know, ladies in those countries where Castillian habits prevail, are not allowed the liberty nor permitted the promiscuous society of men, they enjoy in English speaking countries. Mrs. C. sympathized with the poor creatures, said that men were always anxious to give women the worst of it and make slaves of them if the women were fools enough to consent. The Commercial Traveler argued that ladies were unwilling to accept the full liberties which men were anxious to give them, and personal liberty was the development of what they would accept more than of what men would permit. Mrs. Cook regretted the weakness of her sex, called attention to the fact that she had nothing like that the matter with her, and used as an illustration the puny creatures on the steamer who were sick and wanted to be waited on and "lollygogged" around. The Cuban gentleman ventured to remark that the ladies in his country were not esteemed for their physical strength as much as for those tender and beautiful ways which made them the objects of manly devotion. She retorted by saying that she had heard that the Spanish women were not taught to read or write and enquired if it was a fact that they did not use the bath as frequently as the ladies of her country. The warm blood of the Southern gentleman began to show itself and threatened to overmaster his politeness. "Cuban leddies," said he, "are ze mos' beauteful in ze worle and ze mos' accomplish, an' sacrainlee, senora," he added, "they would not despar-rage ze leddies of other count-rays." She was not to be repressed. "Own up now," said she, "that you like American women much better; come now. They can't smoke cigarettes or roll their eyes as well as the Spanish women, but they've got more style about them." The Commercial Traveler, in order to avert trouble, suggested that the conversation was becoming too personal and stated his belief that women who did not seek publicity, did not travel alone and jaw with hackmen were more feminine in their manners, and men really liked them better. "I suppose you think they are better women, too?" she inquired. "Quite as good, at any rate," he rejoined. "Well, I don't," she retorted. "I think that women who have been hustled about and have learned how to take care of themselves, are very much better than the puny, silly creatures who are kept penned up to be looked at through a window, and don't know how to do anything but play on a guitar and make love to a man." The Cuban's temper failed him. He shoved back his plate, and with an exceedingly polite bow to madame he retired, with the remark: "Zat ees mos' certaine so; if le Senora ees semple of ze woman who hussel about." This sarcasm failed to ruffle her complacent ignorance. "I'd just like to be married to one of those black-looking Cubans" said she, "just for one day, I'd make him hump himself. I think they are perfect brutes." Thereupon the other three Cubans with very elaborate bows, also retired. The purser got up and left madame *tete a tete* with the Commercial Traveler and myself.

"I suppose you like weakly women best," said she turning to me. "You would be in great shape, wouldn't you, to look after one of those helpless things that that Cuban is so fond of, women who cannot be let see their lovers unless through iron bars and with their maw sitting by." I assured her that I liked the entire sex, large and small, sick and well, had no decided preference for any variety.

"You must like them pretty well if you can stand the tribe we have got on board this ship. Did you ever see such a sight as that skinny girl with spectacles?"

"She is not pretty," I answered, "but she is intellectual and interesting and kind-hearted and the most pleasant conversationalist on the ship. Besides she doesn't get seasick and nobody has to carry her about even if she is somewhat slender."

"Well, I think she is a perfect fright,' snapped Mrs. C—— as she reached for a third orange.

The Commercial Traveler, in order to get an opinion in regard to the balance of the ladies, prolonged the conversation until the cloth had been removed and one after another we ad them all deserted from the rather unkindly standpoint of Mrs. Cook.

The guide book issued by the Ward Line has a glowing account of the delightful voyage which we were to expect. The ship, truly enough, was clean and excellently furnished, but small, and if we failed somewhat to find all the delights which had been pictured, it was perhaps the fault of the rather odd company which we found. The author of the guide book dwelt on the readiness with which the passengers became acquainted. He must have had an unusual passenger list, as I noticed the majority of the people made a point to become acquainted with no one. The historian of the ideal voyage describes the English and Spanish ladies becoming chummy immediately after dinner the first evening. "A young lady," he says, "plays the piano, and the chorus of New Yorkers sing Climbing up the Golden Stairs, followed by other songs, which are rapturously applauded. Tableaux and charades are then proposed and carried out." Remember this is the first evening "and the gay round of merriment lasts until about eleven o'clock." The facts are that before eight o'clock in the evening seventy-five per cent. of the passengers are seasick and in bed, and there was no music in the "social room" except on one evening when the two or three piano cranks who can't play sat down and pounded out accompaniments for the usual young men who can't sing but don't know it. Though the night was delightfully bright the water was rough. One of the officers of the ship told me it was never much different. The guide book describes "from morn to eve afloat, the ladies doing embroidery, crochet work, etc." The historian remarks "that some improper but interesting flirtations are going on already." As a matter of fact we have a frightfully choppy sea, and stewards and stewardesses are busy in the cabins. The guide book tells us that only thirty hours out from New York and we are in the midst of tropical weather. It must have been an unusual season, though this is a pretty warm one, for fur coats and ulsters are still the fashion, and by seven o'clock the deck is deserted. The third day out is described as "still more brilliantly tropical weather, ladies and gentlemen appearing in yachting flannels and wearing light apparel." In reality overcoats are not yet discarded, and though great masses of seaweed are floating past, the sickest of all sick days is being endured, and "the brilliantly-hued and beautiful fishes 'fail' to gambol in the water." Though the sky continues bright the vessel rolls in a most erratic sea. Truly "the tropical stars shine through the clear night," but on a deserted deck. The air is warm, but there is nothing specially tropical about the temperature. On the fourth day in the early morning we find ourselves at anchor, and nothing that the guide book says about the beauty of the scene is too glowing. The long coral reef which faces the harbor, known as Hog island, is brilliant in its varied tints of green. The cocoanut palms are still trembling in the wind which had so disturbed the sea. On the main island the town of Nassau gleamed white over the shining waters, the houses oriental in shape in bright contrast to the luxuriant vegetation and feathery palms. The whiteness of the island, of the wharf, the houses and streets does not dazzle the eye, for the long lines of green hills rising beyond, frame it as one of the most lovely pictures the sea-weary eye has ever gazed upon. Seasickness is forgotten as one gazes upon the wondrous beauty of sea and rock and city. The tug steaming out over the transparent waters to land the passengers is followed by a couple of fleet little sloops manned by darkeys whose white garments intensify the blackness of their faces and together with the straining sails form a background for the grinning faces.

The tender is a very slow-going affair and very often those who come out on her to meet friends get exceedingly seasick. The tide was in when we arrived at the wharf and we had almost to slide down the steep gangway at the landing. There, in a little public place called The Park, the entire population of Nassau was assembled, black and white, large and small, gazing curiously at the new arrivals who had no sooner touched Bahamian soil than they were offered an opportunity by the colored people to ride up town, buy shells, curiosities and fancy work. A score of colored policemen, most absurd looking creatures, of all sizes, shapes and conditions, stood in a double line to protect the travelers and in twenty minutes the park was deserted. The place is so small that everyone knew where they wanted to go, and in an incredibly short time they had gone. And the only excitement which disturbs the serenity of the town—the fortnightly steamer—was over.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

Cynthia's father did not get his question answered, because at that moment a thundering knock at the front door announced the return of madame, and there was rather a hasty struggle to get him away from the house without encountering that lady's sharp eyes and vivacious questioning, which Cynthia was not at all sure that she could meet with equanimity. For herself, she felt at that moment equal to any struggle involving either running or courage. She could combat to the death for one she loved.

"Who was that man, *cariasima?* Why was he here at this hour of the night! You are a little imprudent, are you not, to receive such visitors without me!" said madame, having caught a glimpse of the intruder's retiring figure.

Cynthia laughed.

"He is venerable, madame—white-bearded, old, and a relative—an uncle from America whom I have not seen since I was a child. I believe that he has made a fortune and wants to endow me with it. We shall see!"

"Ah, my angel, if he would do that," cried Madame cheerfully, "we would welcome him at any hour of the day or night, would not we! Bid him to dinner with thee, little one, or to tea, after thy English fashion, as then wilt. The uncle with money is always a desired visitor."

And thus Cynthia escaped further questioning, although at the cost of an untruth which she did not consider it her duty to repent. "For surely," she said to herself, "it is right for a daughter to sacrifice anything and everything to her father's safety! I was ashamed of having to tell Hubert what was not true just for my own benefit; but I am not ashamed of deceiving Madame for my father's sake. I am sorry—ah, yes, I am sorry! But what can I do!" And in the solitude of her own room Cynthia, wrung her hands together, and shed a few bitter tears over the hardness and strangeness of her fate.

To one who knew all the facts of her story and her father's story, it might indeed have been a matter for meditation that "wrong-doing never ends"—that because Cynthia had been an unprincipled man and Florence Lepel a woman without a conscience, therefore a child of whom they never heard had grown up without the presence of a father's love, or the innate reverence for truth that prevailed in the heart of a Jeanie Deans. Cynthia was no Jeanie Deans; she was faulty but noble-hearted woman, with a nature that had suffered some slight warping from the effect of adverse circumstances.

Cynthia and her father met the next morning under the spreading branches of the trees in Kensington Gardens; and there, as they walked up and down together, Westwood unfolded his plans. From what he let slip—although he tried not to be too definite—it was evident that he had made considerable inroads on money, or what he thought such; and he wanted Cynthia to give up working, and "go West" with him. He assured her that she should have every comfort, every luxury; that he was likely to make more and more money as time went on, and that he might even become a millionaire. He said he had paraded of the magnificence that was in store for her! But Cynthia shook her head. And then he spoke of his loneliness, of his long absence from his only child, and his desire to have a home of his own; now that he began to feel the infirmities of age, he had not only wanted a daughter as an ornament to his house, but as the prop of his declining years. And at this Cynthia shed tears and began to waver. Ought she not to go with her father? Was he asking too well. It might be better for Hubert, as well as for her, if she went away; and, even if at the end of two years she became Hubert's wife, she would at any rate have had two years with her father. And, if Hubert married "the other girl," she would stay with her father until his life's end—or here. But the father seemed at the end of all arguments—she did not want to go.

"What do you want to stay in England for?" Westwood said, at length. "Is it to make money? I've got enough for both of us. Is it to sing in public? You'll have bigger audiences over there, my girl. If you love your old father as you say you do, why won't you come along with him?" He paused, and added, almost in a whisper, "Unless there's somebody you like better, I don't see why you want to stay."

Cynthia's face turned crimson immediately. Her father's words made her feel very guilty. She loved him—true; but she loved Hubert better, and she had not known it until that moment. She knew it thoroughly now.

"Well," said Westwood, in a peculiarly dogged tone, "I see what's up. Who is he?"

"He is a very clever man, father," said Cynthia, keeping her face away from him as much as possible—"a literary man; he writes plays and novels and poetry. He is thought a great deal of in London."

"As poor as a rat, and wants you to keep him. Is that it?"

"Oh, no, indeed, father! He makes a great deal of money. It was he who sent me to Italy to study music; he paid for me to live where I do, with Madame della Scala."

They were in a quiet part of the Gardens, and her father suddenly laid an iron grip upon her wrist.

"Look at me," he burst out—"tell me the truth! You—you ain't—you ain't bound to him in any way!" He dared not, after all, put his sudden suspicion into plainer words.

"It's all fair and square! He's asked you to be his wife, and not——"

Cynthia wrenched away her arm.

"I did not think that my own father would insult me!" she said, in a voice which, though low, vibrated with anger. "I am quite well able to take care of myself, and my mother and Mr. Lepel would never dream of assailing either."

Then she broke down a little, and a few tears made their way over the scarlet of her cheeks; but of these signs of distress her father took no notice. He stood still in the middle of the path down which they had been walking, and repeated the name incredulously.

"'Lepel'! 'Lepel'! Is that your sweetheart's name?"

"'Hubert Lepel.' It is a well-known name," said Cynthia, with head erect.

"'Hubert Lepel'! Not the man at Beechfield, the cousin of those Vanes?" He spoke in a whisper, with his eyes fixed on his daughter's face.

Cynthia turned very pale.

"I do not know. Oh, it can't be the same!" she said.

"It's not likely that there are two men of the same name. He was a cousin of the man who was killed, I tell you; and he was the brother—the brother—Cynthia!" Westwood stopped short; his eyes fell to the ground, his breathing quickened; he thrust his hands into his pockets and frowned heavily as he reflected. "He's the brother of that woman—the woman that Sydney Vane used to meet in the wood so often, and thought that nobody knew. Did he—did he——" But, raising his eyes suddenly, he saw the whiteness of Cynthia's face, and did not finish his question. "Listen to me!" he said, with sudden sternness. "This man belongs to them that put me in prison and believe me to have murdered Sydney Vane. Do you understand, girl?"

"Father, he would trust you—he would believe in you—if once he saw you and talked to you."

"So you mean to betray me to him, do you!"

"Father—dear father!"

"If you say a word to him about my being in England, Cynthia, you may just as well put a rope round my neck or give me a dose of poison. For buried alive at Portland I never will be again!"

"He would no more betray you, father, than——"

"Promise me that you'll not breathe a word to him about me!"

"I promise."

"And swear!"

"I swear, father—not until you give me leave."

"I shall never give you leave. Do you want to kill me, Cynthia? I'd never have thought it of you after all you said! Come, my girl, you needn't cry, I don't mean to suspect you, but I'm so used to being on my guard. Does he know whose daughter you are?"

"No, father."

"You haven't dared to tell him, and yet you wanted to put my safety in his hands!"

"I am sure he is kind, and incapable of thinking of betraying any one!" Cynthia pleaded; but her father would not hear.

"Tut! If he thinks I murdered his cousin, he wouldn't feel any particular call to be kind to me, I guess. I should like to understand all about this affair, Cynthia. Come, sit down on this bench here under the trees, and tell me about it. Don't vex yourself over what I said; I was but carried away by the heat of the moment. Now are you promised to this Mr. Lepel—engaged to him, as you young folk call it?"

"I don't know whether I can tell you anything, father," murmured Cynthia.

"You don't, eh?" Westwood queried, "because it hangs on a thread whether I ain't going to denounce Mr. Lepel as the man that killed Mr. Sydney Vane. I never thought of him before, although I did see him at the trial and knew that he'd been hanging round the place. He was her brother, sure enough—he had a motive. Well, Cynthia?"

"Father, if you are thinking such terrible things of Hubert, how can I tell you anything? You know I—I love him; if you accuse him of a crime, I shall cling to him still—and love him still—and save him if I can."

"At your father's expense, girl?"

She writhed at the question, and twisted her fingers nervously together, but did not speak. Westwood waited for a minute or two, and then resumed—this time very bitterly.

"It's always so! The lover always drives the parent out of the young folks' hearts. I'm this man—that you've known and known more than a few months, I suppose—you'd give up your father to worse than the gallows—to the misery of a life sentence to save him! I'm to be not the last of him! If it was him or me, you would save him—and perhaps you're in the right of it. I wish," said the man, turning away his face, "I wish to God that I'd never come back to England, nor seen the face of my girl again!"

Cynthia had been physically incapable hitherto of stemming the flow of his words; but now, although she was trembling with excitement and sorrow and indignation, she answered her father's accusation resolutely.

"You are wrong, father. I will not sacrifice you to him. But you must not expect me to sacrifice him to you either. My heart is large enough to hold you both."

There was a pathos in the tone of her last few words which impressed even Westwood's not very plastic nature. He turned towards her, noting with half-unconscious anxiety the whiteness of the girl's lips, the shadow that seemed to have descended into her eyes. He put out his rough hand and touched her daintily-gloved fingers.

"Don't be put out by what I say, my girl. If I speak sharp, it's because I feel deep. I won't be hard on any one you care for, I give you my word; but it'll be the best thing for you to be fair and square with me and tell me all about him. Are you going to marry him?"

"He wishes to marry me," said Cynthia, yielding, with a sigh, "but there has been an arrangement—a sort of family arrangement, I understand—by which he must—ought to marry a young lady in two years, when she is twenty or twenty-one, if she consents and if he is a strong enough. She is ill now, and she does not seem to care for him. That is all I know. I have promised to marry him if he is free at the end of the two years."

It sounded a lame story—worse, when she told it, than when she had discussed it with Hubert. Lover or wept over it in her own room. Westwood uttered a growl of anger.

"And you're at his beck and call like that! He is to take you or leave you as he pleases! Pretty state of matters for a girl like you! Why, with your face and your pretty voice and your education, I should think that you could have half Lunnon if you chose!"

"Not I," said Cynthia, laughing with a little of her old spirit—"or, if I had, it would be the worst half, father. Besides, Mr. Lepel is not to blame. He—he would marry me to-morrow. I believe, if I would allow it; it was I that arranged to wait. I would rather wait. Why should I marry anybody before I have seen the world?

"Where does Mr. Lepel live, Cynthy?" said Westwood slowly, as if he had not been attending very much to what she said.

Cynthia hesitated; then she gave him Hubert's address. She knew that her father could easily get it elsewhere, and that it would only irritate him if she refused. Besides, she had too much confidence in her lover to think that harm could come of her father's knowledge of the place in which he lived. But she was a little surprised when her father at once stood up and said, with his former placidity of tone:

"Well, then, my dear, I'm a-going round to look at Mr. Lepel. I'm not going to harm him, nor even maybe to speak to him; but I want to have a little look at him before I see you again. And then I shall maybe go out of town for a bit. There are one or two places I want to look at again. So you needn't be surprised if you don't hear from me again just yet a while. I'll write when I come back."

"Oh, father, you will not run into any danger, will you?"

"Not a bit, my dear. There's not a soul on earth would care what I am now. Don't you be afraid! I'll walk back with you to the gate, and then we'll shake hands set good-bye. If you want anything special, write to me—Reuben Dane, and know not the address I gave you; but even then, my girl, don't you mention names. It's a dangerous thing to do on paper. Well, good-bye, Cynthy." She had suddenly unwonted submissiveness.

They parted at the gate, and Westwood, without looking round, went some paces in his easterly direction which he had chosen to take. But all at once he heard a light footstep behind him, and a small gloved hand was laid upon his arm. It was Cynthia, slightly flushed and panting a little, her eyes unusually bright. She had run after him with a last word to say.

"Father," she said, "you will remember, if you not, that, although I love him, I love you too!"

"Do you, Cynthia!" said the man, rather sadly. "Well, maybe—maybe."

"And that you are to take care of yourself for my sake!"

"Eh! For your sake! Yes, my dear—yes."

"Goodbye, dear father!"

He nodded simply in reply; but as he passed his way eastward, his heart grew softer towards his child and his child's lover than it would otherwise have been. How beautiful she had looked with those flushed cheeks and shining eyes! What was he that he should interfere with her happiness! If the man that she loved was good and true, why should he not marry her, although he was a kinsman of the Vanes and the brother of a woman whom Westwood held in peculiar abhorrence? For accident had revealed to him many years before the relation between Sydney Vane and Florence Lepel, and she had seemed to him then and ever since to be less of a woman than a fiend. Yet, being somewhat slow in drawing conclusions, he had never associated her or her brother with Mr. Vane's death, until, in the solitude of his cell, he had laboriously "put two and two together" in a way which had not suggested itself either to himself or to his defenders at the time of the trial. He himself, from a strange mixture of delicate feeling and gruff reserve, had not chosen to tell what he knew about Miss Lepel and Sydney Vane; and only when it was too late did it occur to him that his silence had cost him his freedom, perhaps his life, and cost him his life. He saw it all clearly now. It was quite plain to him that in some way or other Mr. Vane's death had been caused through his wife's conduct. Some one had wished to punish him—some friend of hers, some friend of Miss Lepel's. Right enough he deserved to be killed, said Westwood to himself, as he elaborated his theory. If only the slayer, the avenger, had not refused to take the responsibility of the act upon his own shoulders! "If only he hadn't been cur enough," Westwood muttered to himself, as he went along the London streets, "to leave me—a poor man, a common man, that only Cynthia loved—to bear the blame!"

CHAPTER XXX.

When Hubert Lepel quitted Beechfield, a sudden calm, almost a stagnation of interest, seemed to fall upon the place. Mrs. Vane was not quite so "less strange" than usual; the spring weather tried her; she must be kept quiet, the Doctor said, and, if possible, tranquil in mind. "Bless my soul, isn't she tranquil in mind!" the General had almost shouted, when Mr. Ingledew gave his opinion. "What else can she be! She hasn't a single thing to worry her; or, if she has, she has only to mention it and it will be set right at once."

The village doctor smiled amiably. He was a pale, thin, dark little man, with bright eyes rather in advance of his actual knowledge. He would have been puzzled to say why he had jumped to the conclusion that Mrs. Vane's mind was not quite tranquil; but he was sure that it was not. Possibly he was influenced by the conviction that it ought not to be tranquil; for, in the course of his duties, he heard the villagers, he had heard some of the ugly rumors about Flossy's past, which were more prevalent than Mrs. Vane herself suspected and than the General ever had it in his power to conceive.

"Well, sir," he said—for Mr. Ingledew was always very deferential to the squire of the parish—"what I meant was more perhaps than Mrs. Vane requires perfect freedom from all anxiety for the future than that she is suffering from uneasiness of mind at present. Possibly Mrs. Vane is a little anxious from time to time about Master Dick, who is not of a particularly robust constitution, as you remember. Possibly Mrs. Vane is a little anxious from time to time about Master Dick, who is not of a particularly robust constitution, as you remember. Mrs. Vane, who does not strike me as looking exactly what I should call 'the thing.'"

"No—does she, Ingledew?" said the general, diverted at once from the consideration of his wife's health to that of his niece. "She's pale and peaky, is she not? Have you seen her today?"

"H'm—not professionally," replied Mr. Ingledew, rubbing his chin. "In point of fact, Mrs. Vane intimated to me that Miss Vane refused to see me—to see a doctor at all. I am sorry for Miss Vane's own sake, as I think that she is not looking well at present—not at all well."

"There she goes!" the General groaned. "We'll have her in, and hear what all this is about. Enid, Enid—come here!"

He had seated himself in the conservatory, which ran along one side of the house. He and Mr. Ingledew were sitting in the library, and through its half-open glass door he had caught sight of the girl's white form amongst the flowers. She turned instantly at his call.

"Did you want me, uncle?"

"Yes, dear. You don't looking well, Enid; we are concerned about you," said the general, going up to her and taking her by the hand. "Why do you refuse to see a doctor, my dear child?"

"But I have not refused, uncle."

"Oh—er—Mr. Ingledew—"

"I understood from Mrs. Vane," said the doctor, "that you did not wish for medical advice, Miss Vane."

Enid colored a little, and was silent for a moment; then she answered, in her usual gentle way:

"I had some disinclination a few days ago to consult a doctor, and perhaps Mrs. Vane has accidentally laid more stress upon my saying so than I intended. But I am quite willing—now—to consult Mr. Ingledew little."

She sank into a chair as if she were very tired, and for a moment closed her eyes. Her face was almost colorless, and there were violet tints on her eyelids and her lips. Mr. Ingledew looked at her gravely and knit his brow. He knew well that her explanation of Mrs. Vane's words was quite insufficient. Mrs. Vane had sweetly and solemnly assured him that she had begged "dear Enid" to see a doctor—Mr. Ingledew—and that she had had firmly refused to do so, saying that she felt quite well. Enid's words did not tally with Mrs. Vane's report of them. The doctor knew which of the two women he would rather believe.

The general walked away, leaving the patient and the medical man together, at the close of the interview, which did not last more than a few minutes. Enid rose with a weary little smile and left the room. The general came back to Ingledew.

"Well, Ingledew?"

Mr. Ingledew looked grave.

"I should not say that there was anything very serious," he said; "but Miss Vane certainly requires care. She suffers from palpitation of the heart and faintness; her pulse is intermittent; she complains of nausea and dizziness. Without stethoscopic examination I can not of course be sure as to whether she is suffering organically wrong; but I should conclude—judging as well as I can without the aid of auscultation—that there is some disturbance—functional disturbance—of the heart."

"Heart! Dear, dear—that's very serious, is it not?"

"Oh, not necessarily so! It may be a mere passing derangement produced by indigestion," said the doctor prosaically. "I will come in again to-morrow and see how she is. I hope it is nothing more than a temporary indisposition." And so Mr. Ingledew took his leave.

"Mrs. Vane didn't want to see her!" he said, as he left the house. "I wonder why!"

Meanwhile Enid, passing out into the hall, had been obliged to stand still once or twice by reason of a dizziness that threatened to overcome her. She leaned against the wall until the feeling had gone off, and then dragged herself slowly up the stairs. She had suffered in this way only for the last week or two—since Hubert went away. At first she had thought that the warm spring weather was making her feel weak and ill; but she did not remember that it had ever done so before. She had generally revived with the spring, and been stronger and better in the warmth and sunshine of summer. She could not understand why this spring should make her feel so ill. She went into her room and threw herself flat on the bed. She had the sensation of wishing to sink deeper and deeper down, as if she could not sink too low. Her heart seemed to beat more and more slowly; a feeling such that she drew was an effort to her. She wondered a little if she was going to die.

Presently she heard somebody enter the room. She was not strong enough to turn her head; but she opened her eyes and saw her maid Parker standing beside her bed and regarding her with alarm.

"Law, miss, you do look bad!" she said.

Enid's white lips moved and tears trembled on her eyelashes; but she did not speak. Parker, seriously alarmed, hastened to procure smelling salts, brandy, and eau-de-Cologne, and, with a few minutes' care, these applications produced the desired result. Enid looked a little less deathlike; she smiled as she took a dose of brandy and sal-volatile, and moved her fingers towards the woman at her side. Parker did not at first know what she wanted, but discovered at last that the girl wanted to hold her hand. Contact with something human seemed to help to bring her back from the shadowy borderland where she had been wandering. Parker, astonished and confused, wanted to draw away her hand; but the small cold fingers closed over it resistlessly. Then the woman stood motionless, holding a vinaigrette in her free hand, and looking at the pale face on the pillow, at the pathetic blue eyes which sought her own from time to time as if in want of pity. Something made Parker's heart beat fast and her tears come into her hard dark eyes. She had never felt any particular fondness for Miss Enid before; but somehow that mute appeal, that silent claiming of sympathy and help, made our Parker, who had spied the last few weeks in dogging her footsteps and spying out her secrets bitterly regret the bondage in which her power had placed her.

"Do you feel better now, miss!" she asked, in an unusually soft tone, presently.

"Yes, thank you, Parker; but don't go just yet."

Parker stood immovable. Secretly she began to long to get away. She was afraid that she should cry if she stood there much longer holding Enid's soft little white hand in hers.

"Parker," said Enid presently, "were you in your room last night some time after I was in bed? If your door was open you might have seen anyone pass."

"Good gracious, miss, one would think that you was speaking of a ghost! No, I didn't see anybody pass.

"I thought perhaps, said Enid rather faintly, "that it might be Mrs. Vane coming to see how I was, you know. She has a loose white wrapper, and she often throws a white lace shawl over her head when she goes down the passages."

"You must have been dreaming, miss," said Parker. She found it easier to withdraw her hand now that the conversation had taken this turn.

"I suppose I must," said Enid, in a scarcely audible tone. Then she turned away her face and said, "You can go now, Parker; I feel better. I think that I shall go to sleep."

(To be continued.)

Her Tastes Were Simple.

Fequant she was, and passing fair,
With skin of purest snow
Her eyes were sparkling diamonds,
They came from Chicago.

When introduced I talked of art,
Verestchagin and L'Angelus;
"But," said the maiden with my heart,
To please me won't you play for us?"

I thrummed manurkas of Chopin,
In gentle tones not too low;
The sentiment of Verdi
With bite of Bach and Bolero.

"I suppose it's very sweet," she sighed,
While her eyes were cold and flinty,
"But tell me, Mr. Smith, do you not think
That air about Mollinty?"—*N. Y. Truth.*

Barnum Feeds Chestnuts to the Blue-Bloods.

The other day Lord Aberdeen's Indian saloon, in his Grosvenor square palace, was thrown open to people who had gathered together at half a guinea a head to hear jolly old Barnum tell side splitters, which the famous showman had with great skill at command. Mr. Barnum is like old King Cole—a jolly old soul, and the only difference between him and the king is that Barnum never calls for his pipe, nor yet for his glass, as he told us all yesterday. In his wicked days he used to indulge in rum, and smoked cigars by the dozen. Those vanished days are gone forever. At half a dozen Barnum was "on time," and standing at his table he fired off right away into the days of his youth. "My life is a pedestal," he said, "middle for compressing it into an hour, why boys and girls, you might as well try to make half a pint of salt water represent the roaring Atlantic. The pedestal is made up of a dozen stories, which a friend of his had told him he had seen. when he, B., was young and green. It was his first adventure in the show business. Mr. Barnum was setting out to buy the dog when his friend said, "Say, Taylor, you'd better wait a bit. You're going to buy that dog, are you! Well, it isn't half the dog he appears to be, it's a tanyard waggin' its own tail because it carried a cow's tail, which was in its mouth, which is a sacred cow." Mr. Barnum didn't go. Mr. Barnum said there were only one hundred original funny stories, and all the others we heard were but the changes rung upon them. Stuff like this pipe, nor yet for his glass, as he told us all yesterday. In his wicked days he used to indulge in rum, and smoked cigars by the dozen. Those vanished days are gone forever. At half a dozen Barnum was "on time," and standing at his table he fired off right away into the days of his youth. "My life is a pedestal," he said, "middle for compressing it into an hour, why boys and girls, you might as well try to make half a pint of salt water represent the roaring Atlantic." The pedestal is made up of a dozen stories, which a friend of his had told him he had seen. when he, B., was young and green. It was his first adventure in the show business. Mr. Barnum was setting out to buy the dog when his friend said, "Say, Taylor, you'd better wait a bit. You're going to buy that dog, are you! Well, it isn't half the dog he appears to be, it's a tanyard waggin' its own tail because it carried a cow's tail, which was in its mouth, which is a sacred cow." Mr. Barnum didn't go. Mr. Barnum said there were only one hundred original funny stories, and all the others we heard were but the changes rung upon them. Stuff like this brings bringing up children. "Be honest and you will be happy. Don't put square pegs into round holes. It's a great mistake. Study your children. Then as to life," continued the old man. "Be cheerful, and don't dread to-morrow. This reminds me of what Mrs. Smith, a lady who lived in our town, said to her husband one day. Her husband was pulling his hair and groaning and sighing and walking up and down the room like a lion, when she said, "What's the matter, hub? said the wife. "Oh! oh! oh! I have to pay Jones fifty dollars to-morrow and I can't do it. Oh! oh!" groaned the man. "Then didn't you make a terrible fuss about it," said the wife, "I'm sure I thought about to-morrow." Barnum, "I should have committed suicide long ago. It's like the little girl who laughed when the ship was in a gale, and all the women were crying. "What do you mean by laughing, little girl" said they to the little gal. "Why shouldn't I laf!" replied she. 'See, father's at the helm.' You see, I'm a cheerful old fellow."

Crazy for Notoriety.

The anxiety of society women to achieve notoriety was aptly illustrated last week when Mr. F. E. Collier received a letter from a lady in St. Louis enclosing a photograph and requesting the editor of *Once a Week* to publish it with a biographical sketch of the lady's career in society. In a postscript she offered to pay any price that was asked for the service. The photograph was returned with a polite letter saying that money could not influence the selection of portraits of social leaders in any way. The following week brought another letter with an offer to pay $500 if the portrait was placed on the first page of the paper. No reply was made to this letter, but the applicant's face did not figure in the gallery of St. Louis society women, which was subsequently published. Women are peculiarly subject to the flattery of a published portrait.

Madame Janauschek.

I went to see Marie Stuart at the Grand Opera House, a few nights ago. It was a performance of the old *rigime*. The scenery was ragged and inappropriate, the company entirely unsatisfactory for a tragedy of Schiller, but there was Janauschek! The old queen, once spell-bound, and made them forget that Marie Stuart's rooms on the stage were not exact copies of the historical apartments of Fotheringay Castle.

How Janauschek has changed! Her brows are furrowed, her locks have whitened. In her face and figure we can trace the history of years, a life of storms, of which even the hours of sunshine were bedimmed with tears. Paul Heyne, the great German novelist and dramatist, spoke once with enthusiasm about Janauschek to me. He called her the greatest actress of her time. What would he say now if he saw his ideal Brunhilde act in the chill solitude, beside the expiring fires of her art! They say it is her farewell engagement. Let us hope it is, for it is always sad to look at the scattered fragments of a broken arch, that once rose majestically for the glorification of art.

She is no longer young and beautiful; she wears no costumes *a la* Potter and Cameron; she is not advertised with paid articles, in short, she is *passee*, while Richard Mansfield is the fashion, the lion of the hour. And yet a true lover of art should even now swear by Janauschek, and if there were twelve Richards in the Dutch Republic is about all else, an artist. Everyone of her movements has a purpose, every word, every gesture speaks. She is still the tragic queen of old, who can act straight into your most soul—and that is the triumph of acting, while scenic productions can never move us to tears, bring to our hearts a kind of shudder, or a thrill of agony.—*The Theatre.*

Slightly Mixed.

At a dinner party a young German, remarkable for the slang he had picked up, after he had been in England only three weeks, was explaining to his neighbor that he had been to a ball the night before, and had enjoyed himself immensely.

"And, oh," said he, with the light of love in his eyes, "I danced with my governess!"

"Indeed!" said his listener, in no way able to account for the governess or for the rapture.

"Yes," went on the German, "she is splendid, so young, not more than twenty, and so pretty!"

"Your governess!"

"Yes, the daughter of my governor, you know."

Not the Right Answer.

Visitor—Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar.

Tommy—Yes, sir.

Visitor—If I give you the sentence, "The pupil loves his teacher," what is that?

Tommy—Sarcasm.

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THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

When Hugh Cameron returned to the house in Park Lane, he found his wife alone in the octagon room, sitting in her low chair by the fire, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes closed. As he stooped to kiss her, her cheek felt like ice to his lips, and the important matter of horses and carriages was at once forgotten.

"Are you not well?" he asked gently. "You are so pale, Laura, and so cold! What is the matter, dear?"

"It is nothing," she murmured; "I have been a little faint; it is over. Did you get any horses, Hugh?"

"Never mind the horses just now," he said. "I am afraid the journey tired you very much, Laura. Were you wise to leave your room to-day?"

"Oh, yes—it is nothing! Tell me about the horses. Have you been successful?"

He told her what he had done, and, watching her father anxiously as he spoke, he saw that she heard nothing of what he was saying—that her thoughts were far away—that, when he paused somewhat abruptly, she did not seem to know that he had ceased to speak, while her hand, which lay passive in his, was cold and nerveless.

"Have you had any luncheon?" he asked, smiling. "It is three o'clock, Laura. I thought you would have forgotten the luncheon! I think one of the uses of man is to remind women of meals!" he added laughingly, as he rang the bell, and, leaving her side for a moment, gave an order in a low tone to the servant who answered it, then went back to the fireside, and stood with his elbow on the mantelpiece, looking down at her, just where Francis Ashton had stood in the forenoon, and in the same attitude. Involuntarily Laura Cameron closed her eyes; the tender questioning gaze hurt her, and the tall figure, standing there, seemed to remind her of that other man with cold pitiless eyes. Her husband saw her shudder, and noticed that there was a weary hunted look in her eyes.

When the servant returned, Hugh went to the door, and, without a word, he took the tray, took the salver and carried it in himself. Then, pouring out a glass of wine, he took it to his wife.

"Come, drink this!" he said, in a tone of tender authority. "I cannot have you fainting, Laura!"

She put up her hand to take the glass, but it fell, trembling and helpless, to her side again. There was something so pathetic in her pallor and powerlessness that Hugh's heart was stirred with a deeper tenderness than he had ever felt towards her before. He raised her head upon his arm, and, supporting her thus, held the glass to her lips; but she pushed it aside with a feeble movement of her hand, her head sank upon her husband's shoulder, and she moaned for breath. Her face looked so death-like that Hugh was startled, but the next moment the hysterical emotion found its natural vent in tears.

Hugh supported her very gently and with tenderness, but he did not attempt to check her tears. The outburst did not last long, but, if it left her quieter, it left her relieved also. She seemed nerveless and exhausted, although she swallowed the wine now, and was able to whisper thanks with pale and quivering lips. When he would have summoned her maid and left her in her care, she begged him not to leave her, pitifully promising not to detain him again. She was so evidently in earnest that he yielded; but he made her lie down on the couch and rest while he sat by her holding the little jewelled fingers in his strong hand and talking to her gently in his kindest manner. She seemed quite worn out and sank into the pillows, drooping like the fading daffodils in her belt. Her prostration and dependence on him touched Hugh and made him doubly tender to her. It was a strange, and new experience to him; she had shown him many phases of character during the few months of their married life, but none like this. She had been proud and passionate, tender, devoted, capricious, imperious; but this weakness and dependence, and something strange and humble in her manner, touched him as perhaps nothing else could have done.

He sat by her side all through the long spring afternoon, anxious and troubled at the intense nervousness from which she seemed to suffer. She could not bear him to leave her side for a moment; a footstep without in the corridor made her tremble; at the opening of a door she started and shook like a woman suddenly smitten with ague. Her husband, more anxious about her than he allowed her to see, sent for her physician, who ascribed her condition entirely to over-fatigue, ordered her to go to bed, and sent her a sleeping draught, from the effects of which she did not awaken until midday on the following morning. On her awakening, her first request was to see Hugh. He came to her at once, anxious and a little haggard; for his anxiety had caused him a restless night. His tenderness reassured her; it was evident that he knew nothing as yet.

The fashionable London doctor, who had ascribed his beautiful patient's indisposition entirely to the fatigue of her long journey, found her considerably better, and was confident, he said, that a few days' rest would be sufficient to restore her health. He told her, however, somewhat gravely, that she must be chary of participating in the galeties of the season. To Hugh, however, he spoke more plainly; he told him that Laura had had some severe shock to her nervous system, and that she must be careful; she had never been a very strong woman. There was a weakness about the heart which must be watched, and any great excitement or fatigue carefully guarded against. He smiled at Hugh's manifest anxiety, for which he assured him there was no cause whatever; and the young husband went back to his wife somewhat reassured. She was lying back upon her lace-trimmed pillows, her golden hair loose and falling around her; she looked wonderfully lovely, he thought, but there were signs of fatility about her which he did not like to see. She smiled as she met his anxious gaze.

"I think you do love me a little," she whispered, as he bent over her.

"Who could help loving you, dear?" he returned. "Not I, surely, who owe so much to your love for me!"

Hugh remembered afterwards how she turned away from him with an expression on her face as if she had felt a sudden spasm of pain; but, when he bent over her, asking if she suffered, she assured him that she was feeling much better.

Although, after a few days' rest and seclusion, she resumed her place at home and began to go out to a few of the numerous entertainments which began the season, she continued to suffer acutely. Her offence—her crime against her husband—seemed to rise like a spectre and to stand between her and him; while the consciousness that she was in Francis Ashton's power kept her in continual dread.

She did not repent; she was not sorry for what she had done; but she trembled lest Hugh might discover the truth—and the fear haunted her continually.

Francis Ashton had left her on that morning with sneering and menacing words, but he had uttered no definite threat, and, although he had come to Park Lane more than once since then he had refrained from even alluding to her sin, but there was always a look in his eyes which terrified her—a calm pitiless smile upon his lips which always aroused that ghastly fear, even if for a brief space, as time went on, it slumbered.

The season was an unusually brilliant one. One or two foreign Royalties were in London, and many great entertainments were given in their honor, to most of which Hugh Cameron and his wife were bidden. On these occasions Laura's suberb beauty shone triumphantly. It seemed as if the delicacy of her appearance added to her loveliness, and younger beauties sank into insignificance before her.

They envied her, and whispered among themselves that it was too provoking that she, already so wealthy, should have carried off the "eligible" of the season, adding that she was going off a little, and that Hugh's devotion was too ridiculous.

He was very good to her—gentle, attentive, patient, and devoted; but Laura knew that his devotion cost him an effort. He looked worn and grave; and many a time, when she came suddenly upon him she saw that look—a more than gravity upon his face. There were times too when they were alone together when she saw that his thoughts were very far away; and she chafed against her inability to win him from the love of Stanley Gerant, which still reigned supreme in his heart.

People remarked that Francis Ashton, the eminent lawyer, whose indifference to society had been proverbial, went out a great deal this season; but no one but Francis Ashton himself knew how his presence affected one of the guests at the great houses where he had the *entree*. Laura Cameron's terror-stricken eyes wandered over the faces of those assemblies, dreading to see his calm features and the chill smile which seemed to her so full of menace.

She always saw it, although he did not pay her much attention beyond the ordinary courtesy observances of society. Wherever she went he seemed to be present; and, after a time, the sight of him brought such a terror to her heart that she wondered how long she could endure the torture to which he subjected her. This was his revenge, she told herself, when she was alone, with every nerve quivering as if she had been upon the rack—this was her punishment, greater even in its haunting terror than the knowledge that she had failed to win her husband's love.

Sometimes she felt tempted to go and plead with him to spare her; but she was deterred by those words of his—that her suffering only relieved his own. Sometimes she thought of confessing the truth to Hugh herself, and thus defying her tormentor; but she had not the courage thus to relieve herself from the hidden fear which was destroying her nerves and breaking down her health. She lived as if the sword of Damocles, suspended by its single hair, were always above her head; and it was only by the strongest efforts of self-control and of dissimulation that she kept up her smiles and composure, and bore her agony with Spartan endurance worthy of a better, nobler cause.

But the effort became more and more anxiety when Hugh was not with her was terrible. When she heard his footsteps after an absence from her of an hour or two her heart seemed almost to cease beating in her terror lest he should have seen Francis Ashton and learned the truth. When Hugh was at their house she lived in momentary fear, which he saw but too plainly; and his departure had sometimes left her so exhausted that her maid had been summoned more than once at her prompting.

It was impossible that her health should not suffer under the prolonged strain. She was nervous and uncertain in her moods, and her nights were sleepless unless she obtained rest by the aid of chloral. If her husband had really loved her, he would have seen all this; but she always, after that one outbreak of passion, was apparently serene and smiling in his presence, and always ready for the galeties to which her wealth and position gave her admission.

Perhaps had Hugh been less unhappy himself he might have been less blind; but his life too seemed one unending effort to hide his real feelings.

His love for Stanley was as strong and deep as ever; he felt that he was powerless against its strength. In such a mood he was ever on the lookout for her, longing, yet dreading to see her again; and, when, somewhat late in the season, they met, he felt his heart gladden at sight of the serene proud face which at one time had softened into tenderness for him alone.

It was on the staircase of one of the great houses in Mayfair that they met. He had just arrived, coming from his club to take his wife home from the ball which was being given in honor of a great personage who happened to be the lion just then, and was going up the wide staircase, deserted at the moment, when, looking up suddenly, he saw Stanley coming down. She was dressed in pure white, her only ornament being a diamond necklace consisting of one row of priceless gems; the man with her, whom Hugh recognized as the eldest son of the house, the young Earl of Sevon, was carrying her great bouquet of starry jasmine, and was bending upon her the look of a lover. A pang which filled Hugh with senseless but passionate anger, which faded into a dull pain as he met Stanley's grave eyes.

"Cameron," said the young host cordially, "I am glad to see you! You ought to have been here earlier! His Serene Highness is at Mac Cassoway's feet, and you have incurred his deadly hatred for daring to be her husband!"

Hugh muttered commonplace words in reply; but his eyes were fixed upon Stanley's face with a strange look of appeal. His face seemed to her aged and bloodless; the look upon it touched the girl's heart as she held out her little gloved hand.

"You are very late," she said, smiling; "I am just going. You have been well, I hope?"

His voice almost failed him; he could scarcely force himself to ask after Sir Humphrey. His agitation, notwithstanding all his efforts, was visible to Stanley's handsome young cavalier.

"My father has not been very well," Stanley answered politely. "He has spent a few days last week for my cousin Lola's wedding—you remember Lola? She tells me Mrs. Cameron and yourself will be present; no doubt you have the pleasure of meeting her cousin which you do not recollect until the time comes for their fulfilment."

"I am sorry Sir Humphrey is not well," he said faintly.

"Thank you! He is better now—Doctor Graham has done him so much good. Good night!"

She passed on, the young earl by her side; Hugh stood still on the staircase watching them as they went down slowly together into the hall. A servant was standing there with a white wrap trimmed with a profusion of white feathers. The earl took it from him, and Hugh saw with that sharp pain in his heart, Stanley, folding it almost tenderly about her, and the girl's soft sweet laughter reached him where he stood. He did not care if the servants saw him; he was unconscious of what he was doing, helpless with misery. A burst of music from the ballroom aroused him, the dance was coming back, waltzing alone across the hall and looking very handsome and happy. Hugh went onwards, but his lips were white under his heavy mustache as he entered the brilliant hall-room, and his wife, when he went over to her, saw a terrible look of suffering in his eyes—and she knew what had brought it there.

(To be Continued.)

Henry Gladstone and His Bride.

MR. HENRY GLADSTONE.

Mr. Henry Gladstone, whose marriage to Miss Maud Rendel took place a few weeks ago, is the fourth son of Mr. W. E. Gladstone. He was educated first at a tutor's, where were also his nephews, the Lyttletons; and subsequently they all moved on to Eton, where by a curious coincidence Mr. Henry Gladstone was in the same house as that of his prospective father-in-law, namely "Evans."

He did not go to the university from Eton, but straight into business. At first it was intended that he should join the old Gladstone firm, but subsequently this programme was altered, and he entered the firm of Ogilvy, Gillander & Co., East India merchants, where he now is. The Ogilvys are cousins of the Gladstones. Mr. Henry Gladstone is dark and clean shaven. In features he is very like his brother Herbert, but he has not lacks the mustache and thick curls of the latter. His tastes are essentially active. He is great at polo, and fond of most field sports, and is a good gun for a warm party. As the elder brothers do not shoot, Messrs. Herbert and Henry Gladstone have divided the shooting of Hawarden for several years. In politics his views are those of his father, but as yet he has not given active expression to them.

Miss Maud Rendel is the second daughter of Mr. Stuart Rendel, M.P. In the spring of last year, when Mr. Gladstone stayed at Mr. Rendel's villa near Naples, Miss Rendel played the part of hostess in the absence of her mother. A warm friendship grew up between the younger branches of the two families, of which this marriage is the result. Miss Rendel's talents are artistic, and she is an excellent violinist. She gives her sympathies, but not her labors, to politics. In personal appearance she is *petite* and slender, with plenty of soft, dark hair.

MISS MAUD RENDEL.

The Cost of Some Kisses.

At the recent royal wedding ceremony at Athens, says an English paper, the bride must have thought that the marriage cost her dear in kisses. It was necessary that she should kiss all her relations as soon as the marriage service was concluded. Three kisses each had to be paid to the King and Queen of Greece, three to the Empress Frederick, three to the King and Queen of Denmark, the Emperor and Empress of Germany, and her sisters and brothers. One kiss each had to be paid to all the other princes and princesses present. The wedding cost the fair princess no fewer than 150 kisses.

A kiss once cost a Duchess of Somerset the hot displeasure of her lord. The duke was exceedingly proud, and she who had the audacity to kiss him was his second wife. One day, we read, the proud duke was much disconcerted when his spouse threw her arms around his neck and affectionately kissed him. Indignant at the daring dame with haughty coldness, he said: "Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and she would not have taken such a liberty."

The kiss has a value in politics. John Scott, who afterwards became famous as Lord Eldon, relates that on first aspiring to a seat in Parliament, "he had to do a great amount of speech-making, ending up by kissing all the pretty girls in the place, which was very pleasant, indeed, very pleasant, I do remember."

The Duchess of Devonshire once decreed that the cost of a kiss should be a vote. She was one day trying to cajole a butcher into a vote, which he gallantly offered to give her ladyship, if she would give him a kiss in exchange for it. This the Duchess agreed to, and the wily voter became known to fame as Butcher Steele who kissed the Duchess. It proved for honest Steele a capital advertisement.

When men were not so anxious to enter the army as they are now, the Duchess of Gordon used to frequent the hiring fairs in the North for the purpose of enlisting soldiers. On these occasions she was wont to offer the lads the customary shilling, or if they preferred it she offered the alternative of a kiss. An old veteran was heard to declare that while the shilling was gone in a moment, the sweetness of her ladyship's kiss was fresh upon a soldier's lips after long years.

Sir Walter Scott, in the Fair Maid of Perth, relates that a pair of gloves was a fair equivalent for a kiss, only it had to be given by a woman from a man while he slept. Catherine, in Scott's novel, obtains a pair of gloves by this device.

Kissing has cost the poet much mental tribulation. Shakespeare has described the kiss of Petruchio in much the same way as Dickens has described the steady snore of Walter Savage Landor. He alleges that Petruchio kissed Katherine "with such a clamorous smack that at the parting all the church echoed."

Burns speaks of "as fond kiss and then we sever." Tennyson, of the spirits "rushing together "at the touching of the lips." Surely the poet who wrote the following never counted the dreadful cost of his rapture in skin tissue:

"Oh, let me on thy panting breast recline,
And press my burning, hurried lips to thine;
A thousand thousand kisses I on me first implore,
And after that a thousand thousand more
A thousand thousand let me still repeat,
Till my joys grow as numerous as my sweets."

He evidently won't be happy till he gets them, and we hope that he bought in a cheaper market than that in which Stephen Conway placed his modest order.

A kiss has cost many a man a night's sleep, and many a kiss, judiciously applied in time and season, has cost a tidy a milliner's bill.

Even the girl graduates of Girton are not heedless of the value of kisses. A visitor to the college lately overheard two young ladies discuss the imporverished state of their finances.

"I want £20 from papa next holiday," said one fair maid. "Do you know how I get it?"

"No."

"I kiss the old darling till he is dazed, and then the good soul promises anything."

This is a financial operation which might be tried on many fathers when the funds are low. It is a valuable "tip," and it surprising that the value of kisses has not on now been recognized by those who search for bazaar novelties.

In Paris the theatrical claque has discovered the cost of kisses. In London, however, a bevy of beauties have for a considerable time been trying to determine the cost of kisses. We know the verdict they will arrive at, and it is this—that kisses are simply invaluable.

It was not Gout.

"Doctor, I am in great distress. From my feeling I fear that I have the gout."

"May I inquire your occupation?" asked the doctor.

"I am a clerk on a salary of $47.50 a month."

"Your trouble, sir," said the doctor, without hesitation, "is not gout. It is simply an aggravated case of in-growing toe-nail."

A Weather Prophet.

Scientist—So you have followed the sea all your life! I presumy you are a thorough meteorological prognostictor by this time.

Jack Tarre—A which!

A—I mean you can easily foretell a gale, can't you!

"Easy 'nough, sir. When you see the captain danin' round an' yellin' out forty orders at once, you kin jest make up yr mind that it's goin' to blow."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

At the Breakfast Table.

"What made you start and look so frightened just now, Mrs. Small at the Star Boarder.

"Why, I could almost swear that I saw that sausage on the dish turn to the right when the teamster ouside yelled 'Gee!'"—*The Jury.*

Modjeska at a Reception.

Of courses every woman (and not a few men) will want to know how Modjeska was dressed. Her costume was simple in the extreme and yet of that French simplicity which is a fine art and often costlier than more elaborate and ostentatious display. Her robe was of an exquisite dove color in soft cloth that fell in full Grecian folds at the back; the front was open over a soft silken vest of the same color and relieved by white tulle at the throat; the pleaded skirt of silk, also a delicate gray, was brightened at the side by a rich bead passementerie of steel and gold.

Her bonnet was a fascinating creation of lace and tulle beneath which her eyes gleamed like stars out of a dark sky—could be termed a bonnet, was black, relieved with a delicate thread of opaline and crowned with a single great diamond shone at her throat, and sparkled with every movement of her bird-like head.

Her manner was gracious in the extreme; slightly French, was a suggestion of marquise-like dignity, she yet made each one who shook hands with her feel immediately at ease, and each remark (and how many of the same sort she must have heard during the two hours she

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy I have found for Colds and Coughs, or for Throat and Lung diseases. I have used it in my family for many years. It always effects speedy cures.—J. P. Depoy, Londonderry, Ohio.

A few weeks ago I took a severe Cold, which, at first, I neglected to care for. In a short time, I was taken with Lung fever, and I became extremely ill. Breathing was most difficult and painful, and my family physician, not being able to come immediately to the house, sent directions that I should take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I was promptly relieved by the use of this medicine, and, after taking only one bottle, was entirely cured.—Andrew J. Davis, Atchison, Kansas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take it, and, in a short time, was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

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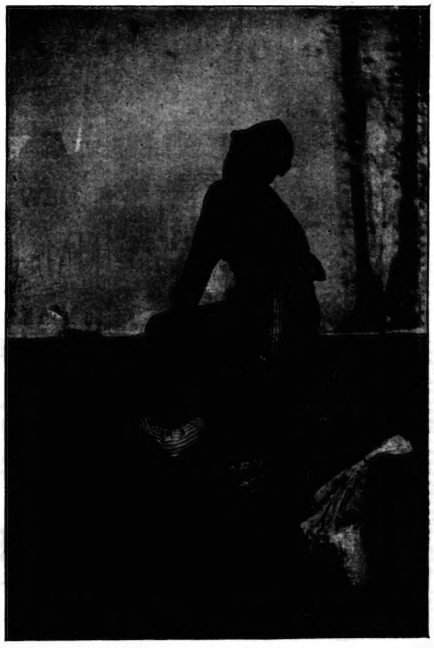

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Art and Artists.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster, R. C. A., on Tuesday night gave a brilliant and pithy address at the rooms of the Toronto Architectural Sketching Club on Study of the Antique. A vote of thanks was passed the lecturer of the evening, and the members expressed a sincere wish that he will duplicate the lecture at an early date. The competitive designs for A Country Railway Station were exhibited on the walls, and some of them were extremely well done and deserved the merited approbation showered on them by the able critic, Mr. Frank Darling, R. C. A., who, by the way, is their permanent critic. At the next meeting, March 11, Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., will entertain the members with a lecture entitled A Trip through France and Sunny Italy, illustrated with stereopticon views, to which all their artist friends are invited.

•

On Tuesday evening the members of the Art Students' League met to nominate candidates for elections. A large number of candidates were proposed and the election promises to be lively. The annual meeting and election will be held next Tuesday evening, and the students intend to give a social turn to the proceedings.

•

Miss Sydney Tully gave a pleasant Bohemian tea on Monday afternoon in her bright studio amid the gray gloom of grim Equity Chambers. The many friends whom she had invited enjoyed themselves looking at the clever productions of her pencil and brush. All admired the pictured scene of eastern repose where a bit of drapery is so natural that it tempts touch to satisfy the doubting gaze. A still more lively interest was excited by the life-like portrait of a pretty child who was flitting among the guests.

•

Mr. J. E. Thompson's scheme for starting an artists' club seems to me a good one, and worthy of patronage. It offers excellent opportunities to artists wishing to exhibit their pictures.

VAN.

Amusements.

Wm. J. Gilmore's Twelve Temptations which will appear at the Grand next week has been entirely rewritten by Charles H. Yale. The piece was first produced by James Fiske, Jr., at the Grand Opera House, New York, in 1870. Mr. Yale has utilized a Norse fairy tale as his theme. The scenery used in the presentation comprises 16 sets, and a moving panorama some 400 feet long. The European Ballet Troupe of 24 dancers, and led by the renowned Bonfanti, and assisted by Mile. Eloise, and Victor Chiado are said to compose several novelties. The Policeman and the Flirts, a pretty conceit danced by 18 coryphees; The Ballet of the Nations, each girl representing a nation; and The Ballet of the Cockatoos, in which some twenty live birds are introduced, is claimed to be the most refreshing innovation witnessed in years. The specialties have been carefully selected. The music is original, and the result of W. F. Speuri. 150 people will be used in its presentation here.

At Jacobs & Sparrows' Opera House next week Miss Minnie Oscar Gray and Mr. W. T. Stephens with their selling dogs and a powerful selected company of players will appear on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, with Tuesday and Wednesday matinees, in their great creation of The Old Oaken Bucket, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights with Saturday matinee in their new play of Saved From the Storm. This is a strong play and the acting dogs are seen to great advantage. Special scenery and properties for both plays are brought with the company and an enjoyable performance is assured.

The Wanderers' Bicycle Club are to hold a grand assault-at-arms at the Horticultural Pavilion, on Friday evening, March 7, at which Mr. W. G. Hurst, King of the Wheel, will make his first appearance in his native city, after four years of success in Europe and Australia. Mr. Hurst will be assisted by the best procurable amateur talent in exhibition with foils, single sticks, etc. The new drill and bayonet exercise will be given by C Company Infantry School. Music will be discoursed by the G.O.R. Band, assisted by Mr. H. L. Clarke, cornet soloist, and other artists. The entertainment will be under the patronage of Lieut.-Col. Otter, D.A.G., Lieut.-Col. Hamilton and officers of the Queen's Own Rifles.

The Boston *Globe* says of the Boston Ideal Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club: The entertainment was a big success in every sense of the word. No finer audience has in late years graced any public event which has taken place in the Academy of Music. The Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club gave some beautiful selections which were heartily applauded.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Tuesday of last week that very charming residence, Riverview, on the Ottawa river, was again the scene of gaiety, the occasion being an impromptu dance gotten up on only one day's notice. Several M.P.'s were unfortunately obliged to leave very early, owing to the division on the dual language question. The evening was a most enjoyable one, and the night being fine, the four-mile drive by no means depreciated the fun.

The Hon. Mrs. Colville gave a snow-shoeing party the other evening.

Mr. Robert Sedgewick, Deputy Minister of Justice, entertained several legal lights at his residence, Lisgar Place, Metcalfe street, on Wednesday evening.

On Thursday afternoon Major and Mrs. Stewart of Rideau street were At Home from 3.30 to 7 p.m., when they entertained a large number of friends.

The same afternoon Mrs. D. B. MacTavish of Stewarton was At Home to a few friends.

Mrs. F. A. Wise's skating party at the Rideau rink on Thursday evening was in every way a success. The ice was in good condition, and the music, as usual, good.

The Club skating party of Monday evening went off as gaily as usual, though the attendance was not quite as large as might be expected at this very moderate form of dissipation, even for Lent.

Again on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings the Rideau rink was the rendezvous of the *elite* of society, the excitement being the championship fancy skating competition, the annual skating races, and the hockey match between Montreal and Ottawa.

Mr. Fred and Miss Powell of Wilbrod street were At Home on Tuesday afternoon, in honor of their guest, Miss Rathbun of Deseronto.

Mrs. William Mackey of Cooper street gave a large euchre party last Thursday evening.

Some fifteen dinner parties were given during the week, including two at Government House, two at Earnscliffe, and two each by several of the Ministers of the Crown.

Mrs. R. W. Scott of Daly avenue gave a small dinner party on Sunday last.

Mrs. Moylan of Daly avenue gave an afternoon tea the same day.

Saturday last was spent by most people in the ordinary way, viz., the afternoon at Government House and the evening at the Liberal assembly.

Another attraction last Saturday evening was the hockey match between Mr. Barron, M.P.'s, team of Lindsay boys, and the Rebels of Rideau Hall, which was followed by supper parties in several directions.

Mrs. R. W. Scott of Daly avenue was At Home on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Brown of Toronto, a relative of the late George Brown of renowned memory, has been the guest of his sister on Daly avenue for the past few days, and he has left Ottawa a general favorite.

Miss Minnie Scott, the daughter of Hon. R. W. Scott, senator, has returned from her long holiday, which she spent in England and on the continent.

Dame Rumor whispers that a dance is to be given shortly by the ladies staying at the Russell House, and another by the members of Parliament at the Russell House; and that the popular Victoria M.P. is thinking of giving a driving party to Aylmer.

HARRIE.

On February 18, Major Joseph Rogers gave a small whist party. All present had a most enjoyable evening. Among those present were Messrs. J. R. Cotter, Rev. William Reiner, J. A. McCarthy, John Dickinson, J. McL. Stevenson, G. H. Esten, John Henderson, Thomas McVittie and E. E. Williams.

Sans Souci, the residence of Mrs. Bird, was the scene of a very pleasant gathering last Monday, the occasion being an afternoon At Home. A large number of invitations were sent out and universally accepted. The two hours which were allotted for this little event, from four to six, were spent in a pleasing way by those who availed themselves of Mrs. Bird's hospitality. Among the guests whom I noticed were Mrs. F. E. P. Pepler, Mrs. H. Morris, Mrs. Vansittart, Mrs. J. Straty, Mrs. Charles Temple of Toronto, Mrs. J. Ardagh, Mrs. D. Spry, Mrs. J. L. McCarthy, Mrs. George J. Mason, Mrs. Eustace Bird, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. W. Boys, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Ault, Mrs. L. Beatty, Mrs. Rogerson, Mrs. A. Lloyd, Mrs. and Miss Hewson, Mrs. J. Sanford, Mrs. Makid, Miss M. Barr of Orangeville, Mrs. J. Henderson, Mrs. McVittie, Mrs. L. Keating, Mrs. A. Hay, Miss Brydon, Mrs. and Miss Way, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Cotter, Miss Reiner and others.

The Misses Mason of Harr Hall on Tuesday, February 25, gave a pleasant card party for some young friends. The latter part of the evening took the form of a little musicale and the different selections were listened to with pleasure. Those present were Miss Reiner, Mr. George Esten, Mr. Lauder, Miss Baker, Mr. Alves Boys, Miss B. Stewart, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. Frank Hornsby, Miss M. Lally, Miss Ethel Jackson, Mr. E. Mitchell, Miss N. Baker, Mr. Giles and Mr. H. Beard.

Mr. Sheppard of Orangeville was the guest of Mrs. Mackid last Sunday.

Mr. Coffee of the Bank of Toronto spent last Sunday in Toronto.

Miss M. Barr of Orangeville is the guest of Mrs. Mackid.

Mrs. Charles Temple of Toronto has been spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Vansittart.

CCULAIRE.

STAYNER.

One of the most successful and enjoyable At Homes that have been held here for years was given by Councillor McEachern and Mrs. McEachern at their beautiful and commodious new residence, Main street, on Tuesday evening of last week. The Misses McEachern assisted in receiving and entertaining the guests during the evening. The event went off charmingly and the merriment was at its height until the hours of early morning. The large drawing-room was used for dancing. The floor was all that could be desired, and with good music the dance was thoroughly enjoyed by those who are fond of this pastime. Those who did not join in the dancing enjoyed themselves at whist, euchre and other games or indulged in a quiet *tête-a-tête*, having no difficulty in finding cosy nooks for the purpose. The following guests were present: Dr. Wylie, M.P.P., and Mrs. Wylie, Dr. Ferguson, M.P.P., Miss Ferguson, Dr. and Mrs. Jakeway, Dr. and Miss McFaul, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Devlin, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Jewell, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. W. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron, Miss Jacon, Miss Bessie Hannah, Miss E. Hodgson, Miss Oliver, Miss Nonie Hannah, Miss Minnie Cameron, Mr. J. H. Jacks, Mr. Frank Clarke, Miss Crewe, Miss Maggie Cameron, Miss Porter of Clarenville; Miss Minnie Martin, Miss Elworthy, Mr. W. G. Beaty, Mr. Geo. Begg and Mr. R. B. Burt, L.D.S., Collingwood; Mr. G. Griffith, Meaford, Mr. Geo. Bailey of Toronto, and Mr. A. Watson, Mr. J. McEachern and Mr. J. B. Spurr of the *Star*, Creemore. We almost omitted to mention that at one o'clock there was a cessation in the amusements to enable the guests to partake of a sumptuous and highly *recherche* supper.

MOUNT FOREST.

The last of the series of Bachelors and Benedicts' assemblies was held in the Town Hall, Tuesday evening. The Maricano's Italian orchestra of Toronto discoursed sweet music for the two hundred dancers present. The supper supplied by the patronesses and lady friends of the B.'s and B.'s was served from twelve until three o'clock. Altogether the assembly is pronounced far ahead of anything of the kind ever held in this part of the country. The following ladies are deserving of special notice for their pretty gowns: Miss Emma Plummer of Brantford, Miss Maggie Henderson of Arthur, Miss Clara Wells of Waterloo, Mrs. E. W. Hagarty of Mount Forest, Mrs. W. H. Kingston of Mount Forest, Mrs. S. Smith of Toronto, Miss L. Roberts of Mount Forest, Miss Rae of Wingham.

How They Fix It.

Mrs. Harvard-Bridge—I didn't see you at the Mildam's reception, but I met your husband there.

Mrs. Charles-River—Oh, you know, the Mildams are parvenus. Charles felt as if he must go, as Mildam urged him to come when they met at the club the other night. It is becoming the fashion for society ladies to send their husbands to receptions which are not quite the thing for their wives. I hope you had a pleasant evening

Grand Opera House

ONE SOLID WEEK

Commencing Monday, March 3

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6 GRAND BALLETS 6

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3 FAMOUS PRIMIERES 3

The only Spectacular Novelty of the Season.

25 IN THE BALLETS 25

26 TONS OF SCENERY 26

4 STARTLING SPECIALTIES 4

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Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday

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Minnie Oscar Gray and W. T. Stephens

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Prices—15c., 20c., 30c., 35c. and 50c.

Week March 10—Joe Dowling and Sadie Hasson.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS

ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT

THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1890

In the Horticultural Pavilion

In aid of the charitable and benevolent work of the Order. Under the distinguished patronage of their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Stanley of Preston. The following favorite artists will take part in the superb programme to be presented: Mrs. Gertrude Luther, New York, soprano; Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Hamilton, contralto; Mr. Charles R. Stevens, Detroit, tenor; Mr. H. M. Blight, baritone; Miss Jessie Alexander, elocutionist; Master George Fox, Hamilton, violin; Mr. Hubert McKendry, cornet; Mr. Joseph Walsh, dulcimer; Mr. James Fax, comic. Plan opens at Messrs. Nordheimers' at 10 a. m., Thursday, February 27. Numbered checks will be issued at 8 a. m. that morning. Reserved seats, 50c.; admission, 25c.

PAVILION MUSIC HALL

WANDERERS' BICYCLE CLUB

GRAND ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

Under the patronage of Lieut.-Col. Otter, D.A.G., Lieut.-Col. Hamilton and Officers of the Queen's Own Rifles.

Friday Evening, March 7

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"King of Wheel," the Champion Fancy and Trick Cyclist of the World.

Exhibitions with foils and single sticks by the best amateur talent. Bayonet exercise by "C" Co., I. S. Music by Q. O. R. Band, H. L. Clarke, and other artists.

Reserved seat tickets 50c. and 75c. General admission 25c. Plan opens at Nordheimers' on Monday, March 3, 1890.

Boston Ideal Banjo Club

IN

ASSOCIATION HALL

Tuesday, March 4

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

A Quintette of Players who Almost Make Their Instruments Speak

Reserved seats at Nordheimers', 50c. Plan now open.

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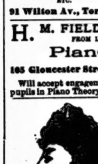
President. Vice-President.

MR. F. H. TORRINGTON, Toronto. MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.C.O., Montreal.

The Annual Examinations for 1890 for degrees in Associateship and Fellowship in the College of Organists (Canada) will be held in Toronto during the month of June next. The examinations will be conducted by the Board of Examiners of the College, presided over by Mr. F. Warner of New York. Information concerning curriculum, &c., can be had upon application to the Sec.-Treas., MR. A. S. VOGT, 340 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Intending candidates for examination should give notification to the Secretary before the 1st of May.



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yard, actually worth 65c.	yard, regular value 67 1-2c.	yard, good value at 90c.

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Hem Stitched Nun's Veilings, 42 in. wide, with 2-inch hem, at 75c, 85c., $1. The fashionable veil for mourning or light-weight dresses.

Henrietta Cloths in wool and silk warp --Wool warp, 75c, 90c., $1, best makes. Silk, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, Priestley's.

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WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

ANNUAL MEETING.

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the shareholders of the above company was held at its office in this city on Friday last, the 21st inst.

The President, Mr. A. M. Smith, occupied the chair, and Mr. J. J. Kenny, the Managing Director, who was appointed to act as secretary, read the following

REPORT:

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders their Annual Statement of the Accounts of the Company for the past year, and its Assets and Liabilities on the 31st December last.

It will be seen from the Revenue Account that the total income of the Company was $1,719,090.80, and after providing for losses and expenses of management, a profit balance remains of $54,432.60.

Two half-yearly dividends have been declared at the rate of ten per cent. per annum on the Capital Stock, and after payment of these there is a balance at the credit of Profit and Loss Account of $12,286.41. This amount, added to the Reserve Fund of $625,000, brings the total Surplus Funds of the Company up to $637,286.41. From this, however, must be deducted the amount necessary to provide for the liability on unexpired risks, which is estimated at $530,196.59, leaving a net surplus over and above Capital and all Liabilities of $307,089.72.

When it is borne in mind that the past year has been marked by an exceptional number of serious conflagrations (in several of which this Company was involved to a considerable extent), and that the experience of companies engaged in marine business has been generally unfavorable, your directors feel that there is ample cause for congratulation in the figures presented herewith.

Since the last annual meeting of shareholders the directors have shared the deep regret felt by the community at large at the death of the late Mr. Wm. Gooderham, who had been a highly valued member of the Board for upwards of twenty years, and Vice-President of the Company for the past four years. The vacancies caused by Mr. Gooderham's death were filled by the election of Mr. George A. Cox to the Vice-Presidency and Mr. W. R. Brock as a director.

STATEMENT OF BUSINESS FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1889.

Revenue Account.

Fire premium	$1,203,496 81	
Marine premium	721,695 77	
		$1,925,192 58
Less re-assurance		348,482 02
		$1,576,709 96
Interest account		42,380 84
		$1,719,090 80
Fire losses, including an appropriation for all losses reported to December 31st, 1889	696,887 77	
Marine losses, including an appropriation for all losses reported to December 31st, 1889	458,032 12	
General expenses, agents' commission and all other charges	509 738 22	
Balance to profit and loss	54,432 60	
		$1,719,090 80

Profit and Loss Account.

Dividend paid July, 1889	28,000 00
Dividend payable January, 1890	28,000 00
Balance	12,286 41
	$68,286 41
Balance from last year	7,853 72
Profit for the year	54,432 69
	$62,286 41

Assets.

United States bonds		$29,850 00
Dominion of Canada stock		211,417 50
Loan company and bank stock		129,380 00
Company's building		65,000 00
Municipal debentures		84,663 49
Cash on hand and on deposit		130,568 22
Bills receivable		47,913 74
Mortgages		12,100 00
Re-assurance due from other companies		41,952 16
Interest due and accrued		6,846 73
Agents' balances and sundry accounts		196,968 00
		$1,456,482 87

Liabilities.

Capital stock paid up	$500,000 00	
Losses under adjustment	94,142 46	
Dividend payable January, 1890	28,000 00	
Reserve fund	$625,000 00	
Balance, profit and loss	12,286 41	
		$637,286 41
		$1,456,482 87

A. M. SMITH, President. J. J. KENNY, Managing Director.

WESTERN ASSURANCE OFFICES, Toronto, February 14, 1890.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Western Assurance Company:

GENTLEMEN,—We certify to having examined the books, securities, vouchers and bank balances of the Western Assurance Company for the year ending 31st December, 1889, and find them correct and in accordance with the annexed balance sheet and statement.

R. R. CATHRON, JOHN M. MARTIN, F.C.A., } Auditors.

Toronto, February 14, 1890.

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, said:

The report just read and the accompanying accounts present, I think, so clear a synopsis of the business of the Company for the past year that it is scarcely necessary for me to enlarge upon it to any extent. I may say, however, that it must be gratifying to the shareholders to note the position which the Western maintains among the insurance companies of this continent, evidence of which is presented in its premium income of nearly a million and three-quarter dollars (after deducting reinsurances), which comes to us from agencies scattered throughout all the provinces of the Dominion, the United States and the British West Indies. And while it is true that the profit realized upon the year's business is not so large as might be expected under ordinary circumstances, and is, in fact, smaller than has been shown in our annual balance sheets for some years past, it must be remembered that the year 1889 has been in some respects an exceptional one. It is seldom we experience within the period of a few months four such conflagrations as those towards which we were called to contribute during last year, two on the Pacific coast, (which has hitherto been a very profitable field), and two, occurring within a few days of each other, in the State of Massachusetts, at Lynn and Boston. So that when, with the calls upon our treasury which these involved, coupled with the unfavorable experience in the Marine branch during the closing months of the year, we are able to meet our shareholders with a large enough profit balance to pay their usual dividend of ten per cent. and add something to our surplus, I think you will agree with me that we are presenting ample proof that our affairs are being conducted in such a manner as to command your confidence and reflect credit upon those responsible for the active management and supervision of the Company's business, both at the head office and at the branches and agencies throughout its extensive field of operations.

In regard to the outlook for the future, I need scarcely remind you that our business, being subject largely to elements beyond human control, is of such a nature that we do not feel safe in attempting to form an estimate in advance of the probable result of any year's transactions. We can only continue to pursue that course which experience and prudence point out as best in the interests of the Company and rely upon the outcome being in the future, as it has proved in the past, such as to yield shareholders a good return upon the capital invested, while affording policy holders ample security.

I cannot close without a further reference to the death made in the report to the loss we have sustained since we last had the pleasure of meeting the shareholders in the death of our late vice president. His worth and his many virtues are too widely known to require more than passing notice here, but I may say that in the death of Mr. William Gooderham we feel that the Company has lost a faithful officer and director and each member of the Board a highly esteemed friend.

The Vice-President, Mr. George A. Cox, in seconding the adoption of the report, said:

Mr. Chairman, you have very justly alluded to our late respected vice-president, who has for many years and with so much satisfaction to the shareholders discharged the duty that now devolves upon me. When I say that I deeply regret the fact that he is not here to discharge that duty to-day, I am sure I but give expression to the feeling of every shareholder and director, every officer and employe of the company.

The experience of the company for the year under review affords in my judgment more than ordinary cause for congratulation, notwithstanding the fact that the profits are lower than for several years past. The year of 1889 will long be remembered amongst both Fire and Marine underwriters as one of unusual severity. In addition to the disastrous storms on the Atlantic coast as well as on the lakes, we have been heavily interested in no less than four serious conflagrations, and I repeat that it is certainly a matter for congratulation that the large annual premium income, amounting last year to over $2,000,000 gross, pouring into the coffers of the Company from nearly every important point in this continent, was sufficient to meet these exceptionally heavy losses on land and sea, as well as the ordinary losses of the Company, and to do that without impairing our capital, without encroaching to the extent of one dollar upon our large reserves, without reducing our usual ten per cent. dividend to our shareholders; in short, without in any way disturbing the business of the Company in the even tenor of its way. It is particularly satisfactory to feel that our business is now so extended and so well distributed as to give us that average risk and that annual income that will safely carry the Company through such disastrous storms and such serious conflagrations as we have experienced during the past year.

It must also be remembered that in years when we escape these exceptional losses, we go on rolling up our reserve funds, and in looking back over the reports of the last five years, including the one just closed, I am gratified to find that we have in that time paid $232,569.53 to our shareholders in dividends, have transferred no less than $205,000 to our reserve fund and increased the amount standing at the credit of profit and loss by $11,286.30; in other words, the Company has earned for you about 20 per cent. per annum on your paid-up capital, about one-half of which has been paid to you in dividends and with the other half a large reserve fund has been built up to protect your capital in years of unusual disaster. Another very satisfactory feature in this year's report is the fact that our business has been done at a cost of less than 30½ per cent., a rate that compares most favorably with that of any other company. Before taking my seat I desire to add that for these highly satisfactory results you are chiefly indebted to your able and energetic Managing Director and his well selected staff, who know their business thoroughly and attend to it promptly.

The Managing Director, in reply to an enquiry, explained that the amount calculated as necessary to provide for unexpired risks was somewhat less than at the end of the year 1888, owing mainly to the discontinuance of annual ocean hull business. The Marine premiums of the past year being chiefly on cargo risks, written for the trip only, were almost entirely earned at the close of the year.

The report was adopted, and a vote of thanks was passed to the Directors for their services.

Messrs. Fred. J. Stewart and John K. Niven having been appointed scrutineers, the election of directors to serve during the company year was proceeded with, and resulted in the unanimous re-election of the old board, namely: Messrs. A. M. Smith, Geo. A. Cox, Hon. S. C. Wood, Robert Beatty, A. T. Fulton, Geo. McMurrich, H. N. Baird, W. R. Brock and J. J. Kenny.

At a meeting of the board held subsequently Mr. A. M. Smith was re-elected President and Mr. Geo. A. Cox Vice-President for the ensuing year.

Woman's Hate.

When a woman hates you. It is a sign that she once loved you or is going to love you.

Out of Town.

INGERSOLL.

The gentlemen of Ingersoll have achieved an enviable reputation for their success in giving brilliant and enjoyable assemblies, and on the occasion of their second assembly of the season on Thursday evening, February 13, the general verdict was that they had outdone themselves. The London harpers furnished the music, and they never played better, responding to a number of encores. The dressing-room and sitting-out places were perfectly arranged, and all enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. The dresses worn by the ladies were as a rule very pretty and when combined with a handsome figure and features were a sight very pleasing to behold. Where there was so much beauty it is almost impossible to individualize, but among the most striking were the following: Mrs. J. A. Richardson, pearl satin and black lace; Miss Christie of Toronto, royal blue silk and tulle; Miss Minnie Brown of Toronto, cadet blue silk and fish net; Miss Gouinlock of Paris, cream silk and natural roses; Miss Higgins of Woodstock, pale blue silk and ostrich plumes; Mrs. C. C. L. Wilson, pink silk; Miss F. Higgins of Woodstock, cream silk and cardinal; Miss Arnold of London, pink silk; Miss Jennie Gunn of Woodstock, cream silk; Miss Maud Walker, pale blue china silk and natural flowers. Among those from a distance were Miss Christie, Miss Minnie Brown, Mr. McBride, Mr. F. W. Harrison, Mr. Cochran of Toronto; Miss Arnold, Mr. G. C. Davis, Mr. W. R. Burke, Mr. Taylor of London; Mr. and Miss Tisdale, Mr. and Miss Willson, Miss Walsh, Miss Grassett, Mrs. Walter McColl and Miss Jean Ferguson of Simcoe; Miss Emma Ross, the Misses Higgins, Miss White, Miss Maggie Brown, the Misses Gunn, Mr. Chas. Gunn, Messrs. Bert Lyons, A. E. Ramsey, Stewart, Thrall of Woodstock; Miss E. Orr, Miss Annie Forbes, Miss E. Hillman, Miss D. Morrison, Messrs. Lambert and Lindop of Tillsonburg; Miss Gouinlock of Paris; Miss Matthews, Miss Doyle of Detroit; Mr. F. Hillman of Chatham; Mr. Hibbard of Montreal; Mr. Tiffin of Stratford; Mr. McDougall of Glencoe; Mr. A. E. Brough of Madoc; Mr. C. A. McMahon, R. B. Scott, J. Hamilton of Hamilton. Among those from town were Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. L. Wilson, Mrs. C. H. Siewson, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Christopher and Miss Christopher, Mr. and Mrs. John Podmore, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hodder, Miss A. Chadwick, Miss D. Chadwick, Mrs. and the Misses McCaughy, Miss O'Neill, the Misses Stiff, Miss Edith Bradbury, Mr. H. C. R. and Miss Walker, the Misses Hunter, Miss Walsh, Miss Payne, Miss Ada Ferguson, the Misses Vance, Miss L. Malcolm, Miss McKellar, Miss Kelso, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Choate, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Choate, Miss Numsey, Messrs. D. Secord, C. W. Riley, M. Walsh, A. G. Knowles, G. Winlow, F. Gayfer, James Gayfer, F. Bell, C. Stiff, H. Grant, C. H. White. The stewards were Messrs. C. C. L. Wilson, J. A. Richardson, C. H. Sumner, Geo. H. White, D. White, jr., James Vance, J. B. Jackson, W. R. Noxon and H. C. R. Walker.

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"I'm just engaged to Frank, you know, and he has the shortest arms you ever saw."—*St. Paul Eye.*

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Births.

HUGHES—At Leamington, on February 18, Mrs. P. H. Hughes—a son.

DUNCAN—At Chatham, on February 19, Mrs. J. H. Duncan—a son.

DILLON—At Kenilworth, on February 24, Mrs. T. J. Dillon—a son.

WARIN—At Toronto, on February 21, Mrs. George Warin—a daughter.

MONTAGUE—At Dunnville, on February 23, Mrs. W. H. Montague—a daughter.

STUART—At Toronto, on February 21, Mrs. James G. Stuart—a daughter.

WAYCOTT—At Toronto, on February 21, Mrs. Charles Waycott—a daughter.

HAYTER—At Toronto, on February 15, Mrs. J. B. Baxter—a son.

CORNELIUS—At Toronto, on February 9, Mrs. A. E. Cornelius—a son.

JUNOR—At Toronto, on February 18, Mrs. Robert Junor—a son.

LEE—At Ottawa, on February 17, Mrs. William Horace Lee—a daughter.

WARE—At Toronto, on February 7, Mrs. G. T. Ware—a daughter.

BAILEY—At Toronto, on February 24, Mrs. W. G. Bailey—a daughter.

McDONALD—At Goderich, on February 25, Mrs. D. McDonald—a daughter.

Marriages.

RAINE—BOWLES—At Sand Hill, on February 19, John Raine to Eliza Bowles.

DIXON—MACKAY—At Toronto, on February 17, W. A. Dixon to Florence Davison.

BOWMAN—LESS—At Port Rowan, on February 19, Dr. George Bowman of Pensacola, Florida to Mrs. James E. Less.

KIRBY—GROUS—At Leithbridge, N.W.T., on February 10, Eugene Guilford Kirby to Edith Ground.

ALLINGHAM—CAIRNS—At Toronto, on September 11, A. W. Allingham to Bella Cairns.

HULL—STRONG—At Princeton, on February 19, Cyrus Alonzo Hull to Edith Strong.

LAVERY—HAWKES—At Toronto, William Lavery to Minnie Hawkes.

STOREY—HOPKINS—At Toronto, on February 17, C. Fenton Storey to Josie Hopkins.

GIBBS—ROGERS—At Niagara-on-the-Lake, on February 19, W. H. Smith to Maggie Rogers.

DRUMMOND—COCKSHUTT—At Brantford, on February 20, George Edward Drummond to Lillie Foster Cockshutt.

McKEAGUE—MOOTE—At Toronto, on February 19, S. A. McKeague to Effie Moote.

FLEMING—DRAKE—At Kingsville, on February 12, Oscar E. Fleming to Caroline M. B. Drake.

ROBINSON—LAWRENCE—At Toronto, on February 19, John Robinson to Essie Lawrence.

WILSON—SKUCE—At Toronto, Samuel Wilson, to Ida Skuce.

BURDETT—WALKER—At Brockville, on February 13, Francis Arthur Scely Burdett to Mrs. Agnes Walker.

STANTON—MILLS—At Keokuk, Iowa, on February 18, Francis Irvine Stanton to Cora Mills.

JAFFRAY—HILL—At King, on February 26, Wm. Jaffray to Josephine Hill.

CHAPMAN—GINN—At Toronto, on February 25, Charles D. Chapman to Florence Ginn.

FIRSTBROOK—JOHNSTON—At Toronto, on February 26, William Firstbrook to Mary Alice Johnston.

Deaths.

BEAMISH—At Kleinburg, on February 24, Richard Beamish, aged 49 years.

ASHBRIDGE—At Scarboro, on February 21, Mrs. Isaac Ashbridge, aged 67 years.

REESOR—At Cedar Grove, on February 21, Mrs. Samuel Reesor, aged 70 years.

CAMERON—At Toronto, on February 21, Mrs. John Cameron.

COURTNEY—At Toronto, on February 22, Henry Courtney, aged 90 years.

KNOX—On February 23, Mrs. Mary E. Knox, aged 61 years.

PHIPPS—On February 25, Frederick Phipps.

MAGUIRE—At Toronto, on February 24, John Maguire, aged 31 years.

CAYLEY—At Toronto, on February 23, William Cayley, aged 60 years.

BODDY—At Toronto, on February 22, Edward H. Boddy, aged 40 years.

LAWSON—At Toronto, on February 24, Mrs. Agnes Jane Lawson, aged 40 years.

IRWIN—At Toronto, on February 24, infant daughter of William J. and Nellie Irwin, aged 9 months.

DYETT—At West Toronto Junction, on February 25, George Edgar D'Eye, aged 26 years.

CHARLTON—At Gainesville, on February 25, S. B. Charlton, aged 69 years.

FERGUSON—At Chesley, Ont., on February 15, Rev. John Ferguson, aged 61 years.

CLARK—At Cobourg, on February 16, Richard Hare Clark, aged 73 years.

ASHFORD—At Toronto, on February 20, Mrs. C. A. Ashford.

MCCONKEY—At Barrie, on February 21, Thomas D. McConkey, aged 74 years.

PHILLIPS—At Teston, on February 20, George Phillips, aged 86 years.

FRINGLE—At Port Arthur, Ont., on February 14, youngest daughter of John and Jessie Fringle, aged 13 months.

ROSE—At Widcom, on February 15, James Alexander Rose, aged 59 years.

WHEELESS—At Toronto, on February 22, only child of Frank and Minnie Wheeler, aged 1 year.

ANDERSON—At Brockton, on February 25, Mrs. Robert S. Anderson.

BLACKBURN—At Toronto, on February 26, Thornton Blackburn aged 76 years.

PEARSON—Alexander H. Pearson, aged 66 years.

SMITHE—At Constantinople, on February 28, Sir Frederick Smythe, K.C.M.G.

WATSON—At Lansing, on February 25, son of Arthur B. and Minerva J. Watson, aged 2 weeks.

COTTERILL—At Deer Park, on February 25, Samuel Cotterill, aged 23 years.

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